THE BYSTANDER
VOL. XXXVII.—No. 474.

£2,000

JANUARY 1, 1913

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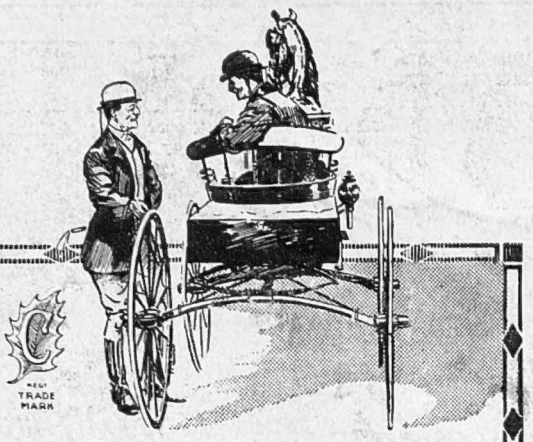

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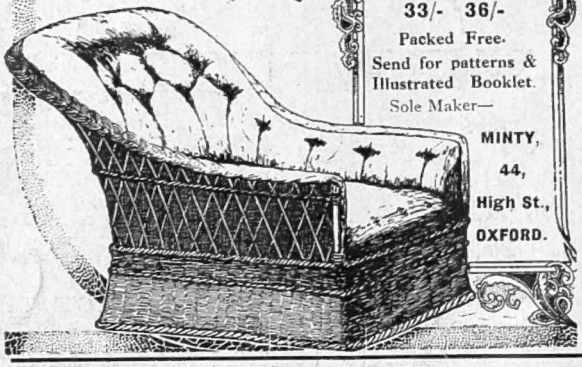

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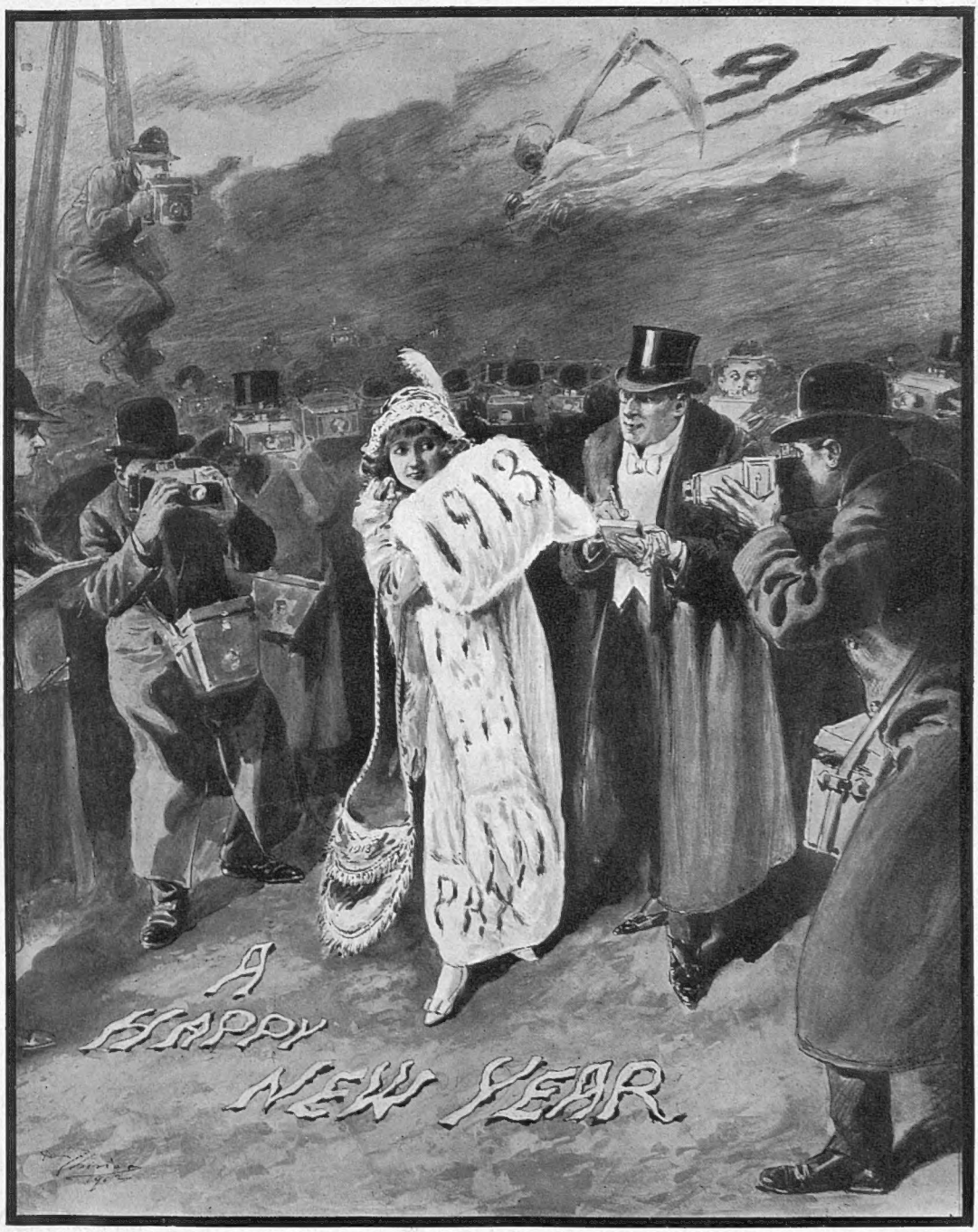

WELCOMING MISS 1913

How 1913 appears to the Illustrations Department of "The Bystander." What material will the frail young person—who is, of necessity, of the feminine sex—have to offer the artist and photographer? Does she bear in her hands the olive branch of peace or the leash of the dogs of war? A stone of the window smasher, or . . . what? But the Illustrations Department must wait and see. All it can hope is that Miss 1913 will be at least picturesque

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Bystander Comments

The Bystander Girl's New Year Toast

"Nineteen thirteen—may it bring Peace and Goodwill towards MEN"

By Blampied

The Year to Come

With the passage of Christmas and the arrival of the New Year the Bystander, like the rest of his kind, feels an indescribable relief. There is no year we are not glad to have done with, and feeling that this sentiment is shared by readers, we do not make a point of publishing in New Year numbers a retrospect of the old year. We are infinitely more interested in the year that is to come, and this sense of lively anticipation will be found reflected in the following pages.

* * *

Peace at Home and Abroad

The Bystander's own hope for the year is that it will bring peace, not only abroad, but at home, and the clearance-up of a good many rather tireso ne messes. Whether the quarrel is the official one between the two parties, or within the ranks of either, or between the sexes, it is one of which the country is growing a-weary. People would like to see the Irish and the Welsh Church Questions buried once for all. Too long have they encumbered the House. As for Tariffs, surely the time has come to cease *talking* about them. Let the Unionists announce that, when returned, they will put taxes on whatever they think suitable, according to the needs of the year, just as Mr. George does. The talk of Tariffs only plays the game of the enemy, who can easily win the next election if it continues. It is to be hoped, too, that the Suffragists will receive either the vote they demand, or be definitely refused it. The mere hanging up of the Bill pleases neither pro's nor anti's.

* * *

"The New Year and the New Attitude"

Is the catchword of this issue, and need not take much space to define. The "new attitude," so far as public affairs are concerned, is best expressed by Lady Macbeth: "If 'twere well done, 'twere well done quickly." The tendency to wait upon the doing of things, whether it be the making of war or the passing of laws, in order to indulge in talk, is surely to be described as Victorian. Last year brought us one catchword for which we have reason to be thankful, "Everybody's Doing It." It described to a nicety the New Attitude—one of doing things and not of talking about them. The Suffragettes did things; so did the strikers; so did the Balkan States; so did the Ulstermen; so did Mr. Churchill. By the doing of them, the at least achieved something definite, whether or not it was precisely what they wanted. Let Everybody in 1913, go on *doing* it!

Predictions Fulfilled

As to The Bystander, what it will do will be, as before, to stand by, and while it illustrates, it will continue to say, in the shortest possible space, just what it happens to think, undeterred by the fear that it may, occasionally, find itself thinking a little ahead of its time. It may as well be said frankly that if a Bystander is to be allowed to stand by indefinitely in a public thoroughfare, he must be of some use to the passer-by, if only in knowing the right time or the right way. The Bystander has the satisfaction of knowing that, during the past twelvemonth, what he has said has rarely been very far wrong, and that things have happened very much as he predicted. Having gained the confidence of the public in the rôle of the plain speaker of the plain truth, we do not propose to forfeit it.

* * *

The Newsless Christmas

The Christmas Day that has passed has been noteworthy for the fact that, for the first time within recollection, it brought us no newspapers. The 24th of December being a week-day and a working day, a good many things did, of course, happen upon it in a good many parts of the world, Christian and otherwise. But London and its environs were ordered to be content to learn the news, whatever it was, on the following day only.

* * *

The Tail Wags the Dog

The motive was, I suppose, well-intentioned—to save the labour involved in distribution and delivery of the newspapers. I have, however, a strong prejudice against dogs being wagged by their tails. A newspaper's business is to provide news, and to deliver itself to its subscribers as best it may. If there is no news to deliver, or if the public clearly do not want any, by all means let newspapers close down. But to cut off one's news-supply out of purely sentimental regard for the class which exists to deliver it is arbitrary. Why not turn off our gas and electric light and water on Christmas Day? Are not gasmen, electricians, and watermen also entitled to their festive rest?

* * *

A Bystander News Service?

What is evident is that the decision to stop the Christmas Day news-supply was not spontaneous nor unanimous. The departure from custom was concurred in, but only after pressure. The Bystander, who, in this as in most other

A Pretty Sight to Set Before the—Envoy

matters, is convinced that it reflects the views of the citizens themselves, begs to announce that if this practice of cutting off news-supply on festival days be extended it will consider seriously whether it shall not undertake to supply the defect itself.

***

Club Amenities

I see that the Carlton closed on the "festive" day and turned its members across the road to the "Junior," which will return the compliment next year. Does this forebode a "Close the Clubs" movement for next Christmas? If so, I promise an infuriated opposition. I don't, it is true, spend Christmas Day at the club myself, but have always had it in mind one year to try that particular refuge from festivity *en famille*.

***

The King

The cause of the King's absence from church on Christmas Day was a slight chill. Sympathy with His Majesty will have been general. Only too many of his subjects were similarly afflicted on the day in question, and, of course, one had attended the previous Sunday.

HUNTING—BUT NOT THE TURK THIS TIME

On Boxing Day the Balkan Peace Delegates visited Burford Bridge and displayed much interest in the meet of the Surrey Union Foxhounds. In the above photograph the Delegates are seen conversing with Mr. E. Murray, who is explaining the Hunt to them

Grumblers Please Note

Perhaps the least said the better as to Christmas weather, 1912. It is only fair, however, to the Fates to remind England that it has been the first honestly wet Christmas this century. The vast majority of Christmases have been of the variety that is supposed to fill the churchyard, while in 1905, 1906, 1907, and 1908 "good-old-English" conditions prevailed.

***

An Agreeable Day

The Bystander himself has no personal grievance against the season. A run down to the Boxing Day meet of foxhounds at the Burford Bridge, a little lunch in that admirable hostelry, and back in the evening to the Drury Lane pantomime. . . . . Well, well! I am sorry to hear that the popular Master of the Surrey Union, Mr. Edward Murray, is to retire. The difficulty of getting men of means and leisure to maintain sport within twenty miles of London is great, and it is of immense advantage to fox-hunting in general to be able to show it in full cry so near the Metropolis.

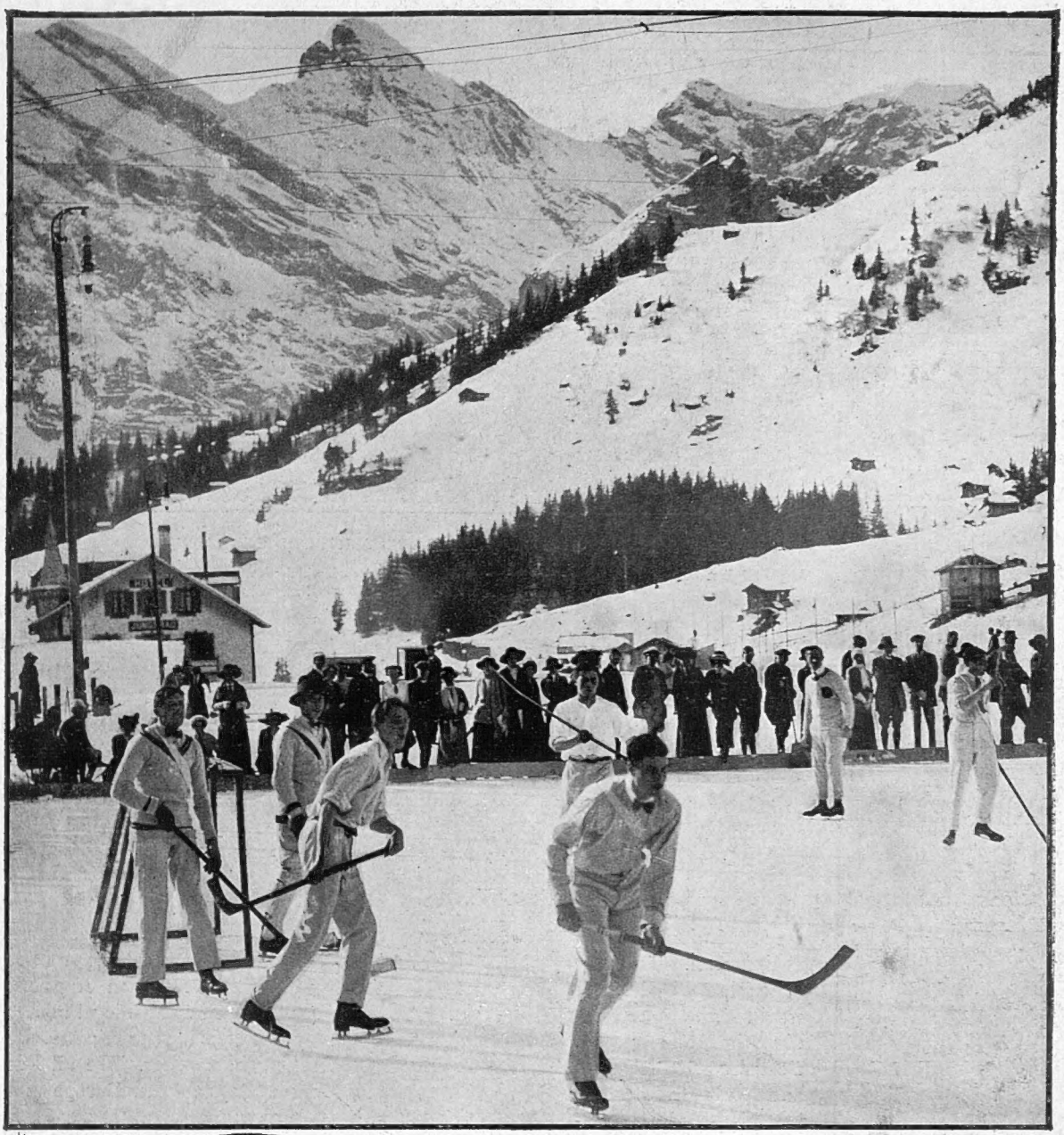
Photographs *Sport and General*

BOXING DAY MEET OF THE SURREY UNION FOXHOUNDS AT BURFORD BRIDGE

Despite the inclemency of the weather, a large number of followers on foot and in the saddle turned out with the Surrey Union Foxhounds last week, and some fairly good sport was obtained. Our photograph shows the pack moving off from the meet to draw Boxhill

Actuality in the Alps

A 'VARSITY HOCKEY MATCH AT MÜRREN



Photograph

THE ICE-HOCKEY MATCH BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE IN PROGRESS

Sport and General

TUSSLES FOR POSSESSION

Lord St. Leonards, the Oxford Captain, is the figure on right in the right-hand photograph

Photographs *Central News*

The Ice-Hockey Match between Oxford and Cambridge, which has been instituted an annual affair, weather permitting, was played amid the beautiful surroundings of the ice-rink at Mürren on Monday of last week. The game resulted in a win for Cambridge by a goal to nil after some strenuous play

The Moral of the Delhi Outrage

THE SCENE OF THE LATEST INDIAN OUTRAGE

Chandni Chowk, one of the principal streets of Delhi, through which the Viceroy's elephant procession was passing when the bomb was thrown

THE RIGHT HON. BARON HARDINGE

Governor-General of India, whose assassination was attempted on the occasion of the State entry into Delhi

The Delhi Outrage

That Lord Hardinge should have been singled out for the assassin's bomb is the cause of great sorrow to his many friends and admirers. The outrage casts a gloom over what should have been the memorable event of the foundation of India's new capital. That the deposition of Calcutta would arouse deep indignation among the Bengalis was anticipated, and should the thing that has happened be followed by further unrest, the British Government should be brought to book for having so suddenly initiated so sensational a change. At the time, the Act was very strongly condemned by Lord Curzon, who seems to be proving himself a true prophet in Imperial affairs.

* *
*

The Belgravia Raid

In connection with the recent gambling raid in Wilton Crescent, the papers profess to be terribly shocked, and even surprised, suddenly to discover the extent to which baccarat and chemin-de-fer are played in the West End. How absurd it all is! These gentlemen probably have quite a number of acquaintances who have played these games for years; they may even have played them themselves at Boulogne, Trouville, or Dinard, one of those places where the authorities treat foolishness as foolishness, and tax it heavily instead of treating it as vice and doing their best really to make it vicious.

Photograph Rita Martin

LADY HARDINGE

Wife of the Viceroy of India, who was riding with her husband, but happily escaped unhurt

* *
*

Why Not a Casino?

For that is, surely, the crux of the question. Everybody knows that some people will gamble whether they be serious politicians or frivolous men-about-town. And it is idle to pretend that the practice is condemned by any considerable section of public opinion. The days are past when what is legal in one great European country can seriously be regarded by anyone as grossly shocking in another. We all live too near to each other nowadays to view Europe as a collection of watertight compartments. If our lords and masters were not so desperately afraid of the Nonconformist conscience they would erect a large Casino at Brighton and see that the foolish persons who must gamble are not robbed by others as well as by themselves—as is too often the case at present.

* *
*

Newer London

London is certainly becoming more enterprising. At two famous restaurants it is now the habit to apply for, and receive, an extension-licence once a week. So, after supper, the tables are cleared and everybody dances. It is very harmless, and much more amusing than the professional restaurants *de nuit* in Paris. Furthermore, another cabaret is just going to be opened—but in Soho this time, and by no means so aristocratic in quality as its mother in Heddon S

New Year Bride To Be

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS JOAN ASHURST MORRIS

Only daughter of Mrs. Ashurst Morris, of 44, Cadogan Square, whose engagement to Sir Alexander Napier of Napier has just been announced

ONCE AGAIN

THE DRURY LANE

SELF-ECLIPSED

PANTOMIME, 1912-1913

AS ASKED BY "THE BYSTANDER"

Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt, who plays the part of the principal boy in "The Sleeping Beauty" at Drury Lane. A year or two ago, "The Bystander" demanded that the principal boy should be played by a member of the male sex, and Drury Lane has quickly capitulated

WELL, there it is. Mr. Arthur Collins has performed his regular annual feat of eclipsing all former achievements, and we do not ask for more than that. Although the play is called *The Sleeping Beauty*, it really includes another justly celebrated fairy tale, to wit, "Beauty and the Beast," a detail which seems to imply that the authors lacked the necessary imagination to extend the first story to the length of a full evening's entertainment. Yet, when the possibilities of the legend of *The Sleeping Beauty* are considered, it would appear to afford material for a three-volume novel at least. The authors have given us the old story with scarcely any garnishing of their own. The infant "Beauty" lies in her cradle, and her fairy godmothers lay at her feet with somewhat prosy monotony the various gifts with which she is supposed to be endowed. A little later —several years, to be precise—the wicked fairy comes along with the spinning-wheel that sends Beauty (Miss Florence Smithson) into her famous sleep, and everything happens as per specification. Beauty pricks her finger, and then falls full length on the ground just like the snow-white heroine in a business-like drama, and then her poor dear old father comes and kneels beside her and wipes away a tear, and you are left wondering whether you are witnessing a farce or a tragedy.

In these days, when the influences of heredity and environment are beginning more generally to be understood, the significance of the gifts of the good and the bad fairies seems to offer an opportunity for some really rollicking humour, which would be the more convincing because it would be based upon a foundation of practical common sense. And as there are several good fairies against only one bad fairy, the first triumph of the latter could have been made very "sporty." However, I do not suppose the authors are to be blamed for what seems to me their rather commonplace effort. It is generally understood that the producer must be given the last word in spectacular productions of the kind; and it is fair to say that in this instance he has amply justified his autocracy. The production is, indeed, so admirable and so tasteful that every now and again it would seem as if Mr. Arthur Collins had decided to let himself go, with the result that we get a rather high type of musical comedy rather than the broader humour of an old-fashioned pantomime. And as I have previously had occasion to notice, musical-comedy audiences are never very exacting as to the incisiveness of the fun that delights them. Except in one or two instances, which, after all, concern only the personal prejudices of the critic, the costumes and the scenery are elegant to a degree. I use the word "elegant" of malice prepense, because it seems to mean here just what "genteel" used to mean in the old days as a criterion of high taste. Modern students of the German school of decorative art might regard some of the scenes of this pantomime as a little dowdy; but there can be no doubt that from the point of view of the majority of the public — which is the only section of the public that Mr. Collins can afford to cater for— the scenery and appointments of this production will be regarded as quite magnificent. I should be disposed to say myself that for a native production the Drury Lane pantomime touches the high-water mark of scenic excellence.

With regard to the humour, Mr. George Graves is on the spot to answer for that. As the pantomime proceeds, no doubt this admirable humorist will be given a freer hand; and it seems to me that the entertainment will then be ideal. I think something like an error of judgment has been committed in giving Mr. Graves so popular a humorist as Mr. Will Evans for a "foil." Mr. Graves, like all comedians with a personality, does better when he is playing with actors of a mediocre kind. As a rudimentary point of showmanship it must be obvious that if you have a joke to make it is better to make it just when things are going a little flat. The jester shines more brightly by reason of the gloom of his surroundings. But Mr. Will Evans never allows things to be flat, and thus you have two clever comedians firing off jokes against each other, and the effect is that of two diamonds which lose much of their individual brilliance by reason of their contiguity. The Drury Lane policy of having the best of everything may sometimes be carried a little too far. Where humorous effects are concerned the phrase *embarras de richesses* (which I am informed is French) is apt to occur to the spectator under the circumstances. Mr. Collins has certainly raised the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre to a higher level than any it has ever touched before. Whether from the point of view of lovers of uproarious fun it needed raising is a question that it is not necessary, fortunately, for me to discuss.

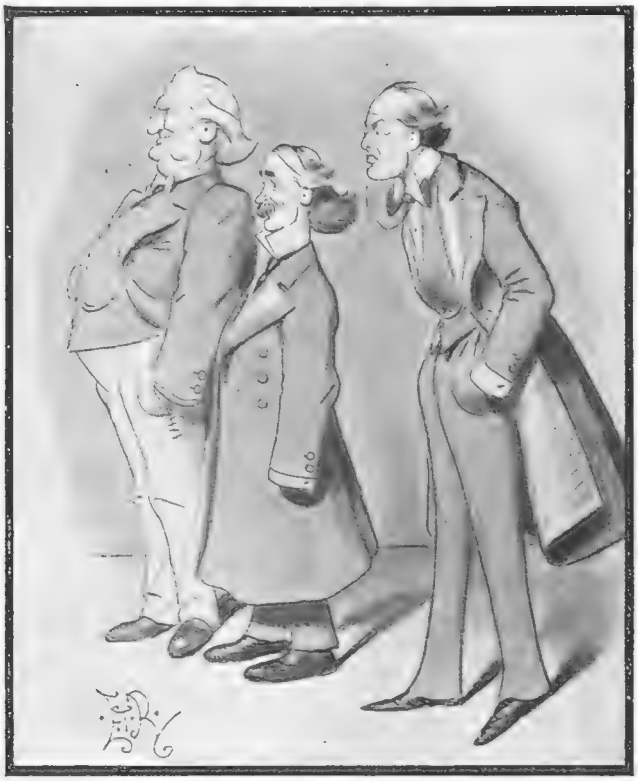
J. C.

This year's pantomime at Drury Lane eclipses all former achievements of Mr. Arthur Collins. As presaged last week, there is a flavour of good musical comedy about the production, combined with some welcome original touches. The scenic effects are, as usual, quite magnificent

BY NORMAN MORROW

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN 1913?

The Anticipations of Mr. E. T. Reed



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY

Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. A. Chamberlain made up as Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Winston Churchill, in the hope of ingratiating themselves with an Electorate which has shown an altogether unaccountable liking for this sort of thing

Following the methods of the late lamented Empress-Dowager of China, the First Lord, Wih-Nih, sends to Admiral Tcha-Lih Bih a silken cord, accompanied by a polite letter expressing the wish that he may have "joined his ancestors by 2 p.m."; conferring on him at the same time the honorific title of "Hang-Yah-Hai"

DIFFICULTIES ON THE TARIFF RIVER

EX-PILOT BALFOUR *(quoting well-known American story)*: "Thar ain't a rock 'r a snag in this river that I don't know—*(crash)*—an' that's one of 'em!!"

MOST PUNCTILIOUS!

An everyday occurrence, of course, after Home Rule is passed. Mr. Redmond and his party are most punctilious in saluting the Flag

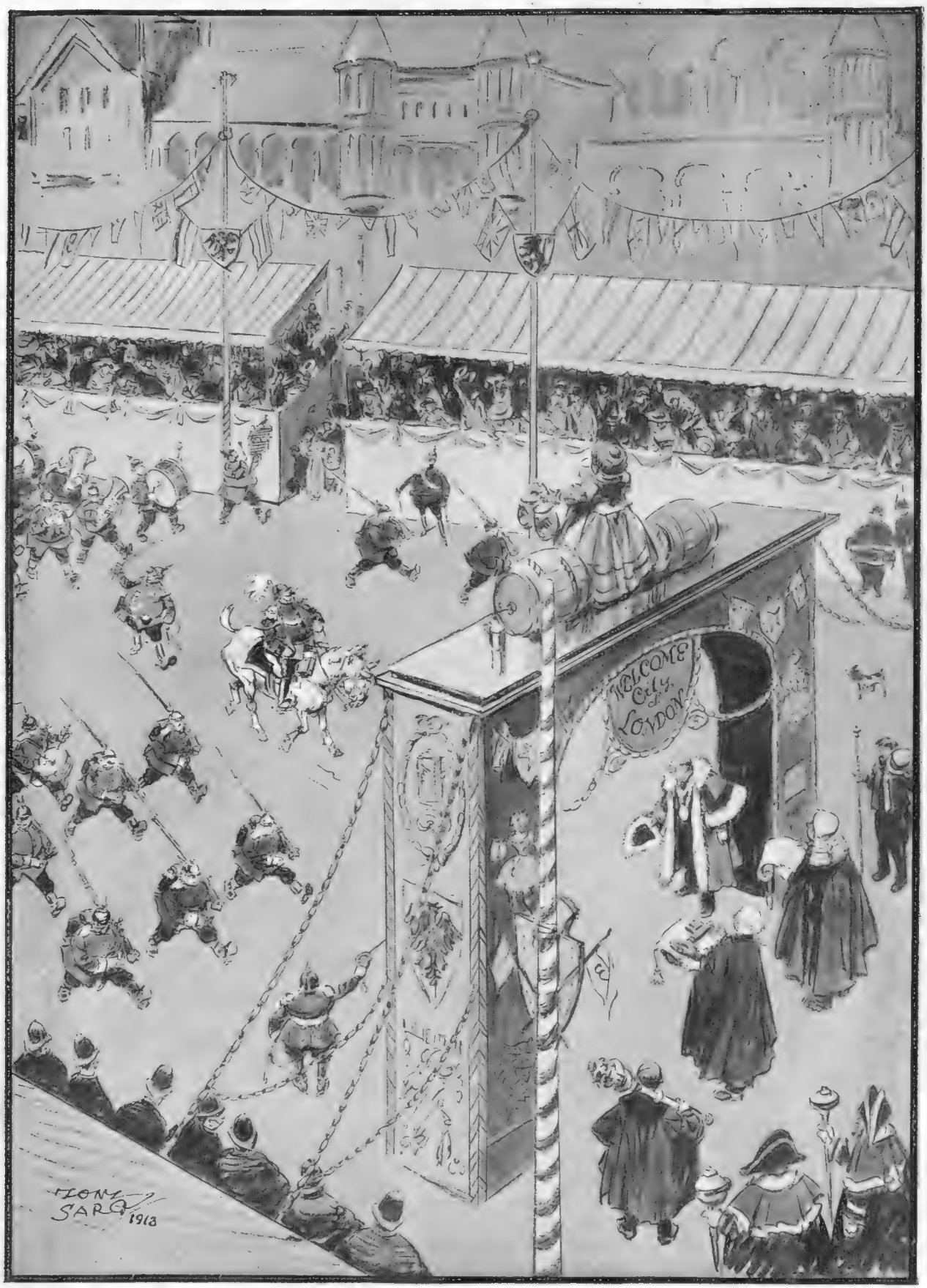
WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN 1913?

Everybody's Overdoin' It

"In 1913 there is a good chance of the sea being filled up with warships" *PHILIP BAYNES*

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN 1913?

Invasion—With Civic Honours



"So far from the German Invasion being resented by the London public, I believe it will be heartily welcomed, and that the Lord Mayor of London will present it with the Freedom of the City on its arrival within the gates

TONY SARG

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN 1913?

Futurism Spreads to Fashion

"Futurism will cease to confine itself to expression on canvas, and will invade the realm of fashion."

CHARLES SYKES

The Social Outlook for 1913

THE NEW MOVEMENT, AND THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE MAKING IT

WE don't seem to hear so much nowadays of that fashion, or pose, of treating Parliament as a place of little social account, and the House of Commons as an assembly of rather common persons. It came in with soft hats and Labour Members, and is finally flickering out under the influence of £400 a year. After all, money is position, and the income gives each Member a capital value of, say, £10,000 at least.

The Effect of Home Rule

So I think few people will deny that the knots the Government have tied themselves into over the Home Rule Bill, however they may chop at them with the guillotine, are bound to have an effect on the social arrangements of the New Year—as they have already on those of Christmas. The boiling-down of the Christmas recess to a bare ten days, with the blessed hope of a month in February instead, naturally upset or altered many plans.

The M.P.'s Holiday

One result was to make Christmas in Town a brighter and busier time than it has been this last year or two, when the word "holiday" has come to mean swift and sudden emigration to—whatever pleasure-colony may be the right thing at the moment. This time a good many people put off the journey till February, and London and country house-parties, swelled by politicians in a state of high reaction from the speechless boredom of incessant voting, have been so much the merrier.

THE SCENE OF THE BIGGEST COUNTRY HOUSE WINTER BALL

The ballroom at Hatfield House, at which will take place this week's great festivity in honour of the coming-out of Lady Mary Cecil, the second daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury

Hot or Cold?

For those who *can* get away, of course, the place of places just now is Switzerland. The sunshine and warmth of the Riviera have lost none of their charms—which are to be dealt with fully in the Special Riviera BYSTANDER, to be published next week—but now that the Alps are absolutely "it," most English people, at any rate, take their dose of sunshine and cold first, and the big Riviera season has got pushed forward a little.

In the Sunny South

Still, there is a fair contingent of early visitors. Mrs. Arthur Wilson, for instance, and her daughter, Miss Muriel Wilson, the handsome *houri* of recent fancy dress balls, went out before Christmas to their villa at Beaulieu. And "Monte," what with "punting," pigeon-shooting, and little dinners on the terrace at Ciro's, is always quite comfortably full at the New Year. Egypt, too, draws many of the fortunate ones who can afford to flee from our own grey skies. Lord Newry and his sister, Lady Villiers, and Lord and Lady Carnarvon are among those who are spending January in the valley of the Nile.

The Snow Treatment

As for Switzerland—well, it looks as if the season will more than wipe out the moist memory of last year, when in all but the highest spots snow and ice were just a beautiful dream, and most of the winter sports took place in the dancing-room or the sitting-out places. And as February is as good a time as there is for snow, the poor "schoolboys who get no holidays" (*vide* Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P.) will have every opportunity of cooling their Home-Rule-fevered brows and knocking about their legislation-wearied limbs in a variety of delightful and dangerous ways.

Overdoing the Alps

As the Alpine "boom" grows, ingenious persons keep inventing fresh attractions, and several of the resorts have new "bob" runs and other "fixings" this year, notably Mürren, to which the Prime Minister's family, under escort of Sir Henry Lunn, still remain so faithful. There is just a danger, in fact, of the thing being done a little *too* thoroughly. The champagne-like air, the blue sky, the warm sunshine, the—well, there is more than one sort of "ski" you may amuse yourself with—all these things, to many minds, make over-elaboration of the excellent sport ready to hand a bit unnecessary, as well as expensive.

The Poseurs

And then the "distinguished visitors" and their attendant camera-men! "No, I'm not going there again," said a man who was at one much-boomed spot last year. "You could hardly get on the rink or the luge run, the place was so bunged up with peeresses and people having their photos taken. I saw them in the papers afterwards. 'The Duchess of——ski-ing.' 'The Earl of——curling.' The Duchess had just got on skis for the first time, and the Earl couldn't curl for nuts!"

The Peerage and Private Theatricals

The Growth of Fox-Shooting

At home, meanwhile, one need hardly say, frost and snow are not quite so universally popular, for this is the country house-party time, and hunting is a very important time-killing asset, both to hosts and guests, in spite of the recent development of the gentle art of fox-shooting, which some people trace to a growing lack of sympathy (pecuniary and otherwise) between those who own the land and those who ride over it.

The Hatfield House Ball

And after the run or the shoot or the round of golf—lest

Photograph *Keturah Collings*

LADY CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH

Who has just given an amateur performance of "The Dollar Princess" at Ugbrooke Park, Chudleigh

county for the occasion. It is to be a coming-out ball for Lady Mary Cecil, Lord and Lady Salisbury's second daughter.

Private Theatricals

With Society and the stage so hand-and-glove as it is to-day, private theatricals are more popular than ever, and are always prime sport for the players, even if the polite audience sometimes gets politely bored. Of course, there are a few houses where these things are really something like the genuine article, such as Ugbrooke, where Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh

Photograph *Russell*

UGBROOKE PARK, THE STATELY DEVON SEAT OF LORD AND LADY CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH

This mansion contains a capital miniature theatre, where some excellent amateur performances are given. Lady Clifford's latest venture has been into the realms of comic opera, and her Christmas production of "The Dollar Princess," with Lady Churston in the title-rôle, was beautifully done

time should have even a moment's triumph — come dances and private theatricals. The hunt ball season opens with the dance of the Monmouthshire Hunt at Abergavenny to-day (January 1), and to-morrow brings one of the biggest country-house functions of the winter—Lady Salisbury's annual ball at Hatfield House. All the chief rooms in the great house, which was a Royal palace in Elizabeth's day, will be thrown open, and there will be plenty of room even for the seven or eight hundred guests who will be staying at the various big houses in the

Photograph *Bassano*

LADY CHURSTON

Formerly Miss Denise Orme, of musical-comedy fame, who played the leading part and stage-managed the performance of "The Dollar Princess" at Ugbrooke Park

have had some capital shows in their miniature theatre. This Christmas they gave *The Dollar Princess*, the leading lady and stage-manager being Lady Churston, formerly Miss Denise Orme, for whom, like most actress-peeresses, the stage seems to keep an irresistible fascination.

The Serious Stalls

In town, at the real theatres, one has been astonished to see the way "the stalls" are backing up the more serious plays. Of course, half the musical-comedy and music-hall stars have been switched off into

The Society Taste in Art and Amusement

pantomime, and it may be partly that. It may also be partly because so many of the plays of the moment—Mr. Galsworthy's *The Eldest Son*, Mr. Inglis Allen's *If We Had Only Known*, and Mr. Macdonald Hastings's *The Tide*, for example—deal, from different points of view, with a particular kind of human problem which we to-day seem to find as fascinating as our grandmothers thought it shocking.

No More Idle Rich

But I think the matter goes deeper. The modern fusion of classes has had its effect, and the really idle rich—the people who do nothing, think nothing, and read nothing—are practically extinct. They gather together in small knots in the country districts, but they are no longer of any account. The modern Society man can talk politics as well as polo. The modern Society woman reads H. G. Wells, Strindberg, and Sidney Webb! So the booksellers say.

Photograph Elliott & Fry

MR. SIDNEY WEBB

"The modern Society woman reads H. G. Wells, Strindberg, and Sidney Webb," writes our correspondent. Well! Anyway, here are their portraits

THE LATE AUGUST STRINDBERG

Photograph E. O. Hoppé

MR. H. G. WELLS

Hall-Marked in Germany

One of the events of the month will be the opening of the promised opera season at Covent Garden, under the ægis of Mr. Thomas Beecham, whose conducting in Berlin has won approval even from the stern critics of the Fatherland, though his style with the *bâton* did remind them of a "prestidigitateur." The first production of Strauss's *Rosenkavalier* in England will make some noise, but the tit-bit will be served up by the Russian Ballet, which is to dance—and doubtless draw all London again—on alternate nights.

A Dance that Shocked Paris

For, of the four new ballets they are to give us, one is that famous *L'après-midi d'un Faune*, which set all Paris by the ears last summer. It was denounced right and left as something a bit *trop épais*, or whatever the word is, and in spite of the defence of M. Rodin and others the opposition proved too strong. And now the show which shocked Paris is coming, apparently uncensored, to virtuous London! Who dares to say we're narrow-minded now?

The Vogue for Youth

Youthfulness is the quality most in demand at the moment. The new drama, as in Mr. Houghton's clever new play at the Haymarket, concerns itself with the demands of "the younger generation," and not only in Society, but in affairs generally it is the young who lead to-day. And Mr. Winston Churchill is the Leader of the Young. At the Admiralty, his youthful energy has made a strong and favourable impression on a staff wearied by generations of sticklers for routine, tradition, seniority, and all that sort of thing.

Mr. Churchill's Young Men

His appointments of young Admirals—such as the promotion of Sir George Warrender to the Second Battle Squadron over the heads of several senior officers—have been a shock for some of the old school. So was *l'affaire* Bridgeman; but there is no doubt he was absolutely in the right there. With all due deference, this is no time for a sick man to stand at the head of our only line of defence.

The Man Who Knows Too Much

With his fellow-workers, Mr. Churchill has made himself personally popular by his man-to-man way of dealing with things, and has shown himself a splendid fighter. The only trouble is that there is no one to cross blades with him, and so effect that valuable touch of compromise which the clash of steel sometimes brings. He knows more about the job now than anyone—that is what it comes to—and there is nobody

Social Taste in Playwrights

THE POPULARITY OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Photo Russell

MR. INGLIS ALLEN

Whose "If We Had Only Known" was produced at a matinee at the Little Theatre

MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY

Whose "Eldest Son" is the attraction at the Kingsway

Photographs E. O. Hoppé

MR. B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

Whose third play, "The Tide," has attracted attention because of the strength of its situations and the wit of its dialogue

MR. STANLEY HOUGHTON

Whose "Younger Generation" (Haymarket) is probably the most popular comedy of the season

It is pointed out in our article that so far from being attracted nowadays purely by frivolity, the average Society man and woman are the most ardent supporters of the newer school of dramatists, four of whom are presented above

Diversions of the "Idle Rich"

strong enough to stop him. And this is unfortunate, for in administrative work he is by no means faultless.

The New "Times"

Mr. Churchill, by the way, is even more keen than most politicians on having his speeches correctly (and fully) reported, and, whenever he can, makes a point of going down personally to the *Times* office to check the reports before they appear in print. In Printing House Square, also, of course, youth has lately taken the helm, for the new editor of the *Times*, Mr. Geoffrey Robinson, who succeeded Mr. Buckle last August, is just the same age as Mr. Churchill—thirty-eight. Like the First Lord, too, he was in South Africa during the troublous days, and at one time edited the Johannesburg *Star*—which was not exactly what you would call a *Times-y* paper!

The Doom of Middle-Age

I suppose the fancy dress ball craze must be a phase of this vogue for youthfulness. Dressing-up is one of the wildest raptures of the very young, and where the very young lead the less young have to follow. For middle-age has been abolished—though, as Rosalind says in Mr. Barrie's latest playlet, it is *so* comfortable—and unless we are prepared to become old all at once we are forced to keep on being young. And it is an easier job, after all, to be "twenty-nine as usual" when, as at the fancy ball, "make-up" *ad lib.* is part of the game.

A Dying Craze

But there are signs, to some of us not unwelcome, that the fancy dress ball has almost had its day—or, rather, night. Those who bought expensive dresses when it started, a year and a half ago, simply *had* to wear them again. But now that the dresses are looking a bit tired, the question arises—shall we get another, and if so, what? One isn't really enough, with special period or subject dances coming once a week; besides, there is nothing you (and other people) get bored with so soon as your fancy dress. Modern clothes are dear enough, but an indefinite number of costly copies from the antique simply "won't go" into a definite modern income. So the solution is to hand—in plain black and white.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

HOW UP-TO-DATE SOCIETY AMUSES ITSELF

The opening of a "new" public-house at Buckhurst Hill by Earl Grey (left), assisted by Lady Lytton and Mrs. George Noble (centre). The intention of the public-house reformers, who abound among the so-called idle rich, is to establish places which are not solely adapted to the purposes of consuming alcohol, but are also places where food and social intercourse may be enjoyed. The movement was initiated ten years ago by Earl Grey

The Bystander on the Riviera

Next week's issue will contain, in addition to the usual features, a

Special Riviera Supplement

which has been written, illustrated, and edited at Monte Carlo, and is now being printed. The contents will be found entertaining, not only to regular Riviera-goers, but to those who like reading about interesting places they have once visited, or are hopeful one day of visiting.

Our Society Portraiture

Photograph] A NEW PORTRAIT OF LADY EILEEN ELLIOT *[Lallie Charles*

Lady Eileen is the eldest of the three beautiful daughters of the Earl and Countess of Minto, and is unmarried. Her sisters, Ladies Ruby and Violet, are married respectively to Viscount Errington, eldest son of the Earl of Cromer, and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, younger son of the Marquis of Lansdowne

"Downwriter" *versus* His Critics

(*In our issue of November 27 "Downwriter," with whose views we do not necessarily agree, attacked the Whipping Clauses of the new Criminal Law Amendment Act. We have received the following further attack on his position.*)

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER

SIR,—Allow me, in my turn, to say "Thank you" to Mrs. Churton Braby for her sensible letter. I agree that no decent woman or man *can* see otherwise than red on this subject. As for "Downwriter," the best reply to him is to try and bring it home. Has he any daughter, sister, or any womankind whom he loves and cherishes? If so, how would he feel towards a man who ruined her in this loathsome way? Would he still talk his sickly nonsense? Let him honestly ask himself this question. It is a complete silencer to all such sentimentalists. The late Mr. W. T. Stead (who, though a man of great and good qualities, had this same sort of wrong-headedness) was once talking of the black man as being as good as the white, and arguing that he should be treated as an equal, etc. My sister, therefore, suddenly put the question to him, "In that case you would, of course, not object to your daughter marrying a native?" He was silent. He could not reply. Let every anti-flogging idiot try and bring the subject *home to himself*, and I fancy we should not hear much more of him.—Yours sincerely, A WOMAN

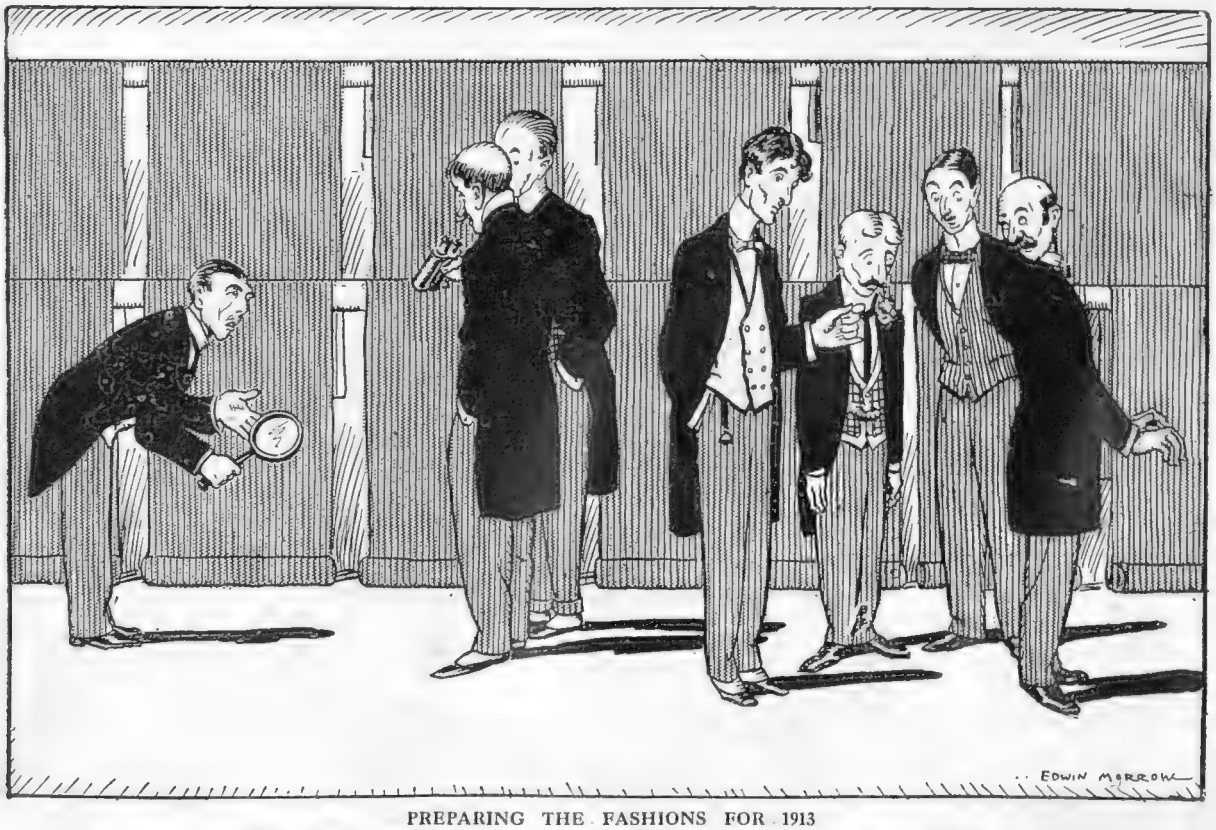
We referred this to "Downwriter," with the following result:—

Yes, I am attached to—or, rather, have attached to me—quite a large number of miscellaneous womenfolk. Were a daughter, or a sister, or a wife of mine, to be the victim of the devilish wiles of man or woman, my personal desire might be to hang, draw, or quarter the person in question. But the law—fortunately for people I do not like—does not exist to give violent expression to my personal animosities, however divinely just, but to protect Society as a whole from the enemies of Society.

"A Woman," like many others who have taken part in this discussion, mistakes opposition to the form of punishment for sympathy with the offence. When she and the rest of her sex have gained, I hope by the vote, experience in public controversy, she will not make such mistakes.

When a man says he disapproves of flogging as a means of punishment for one particular class of offence, she will discuss his arguments and not his daughters.

Nevertheless, I will answer her question about the latter, by saying that, in my opinion, the best protective of girls from the designs of procurers of either sex is for parents to bring them up in full knowledge of the facts as to the world in which they live, to teach them to rely on their own common-sense and not to expose themselves to the dangers which beset young people of both sexes. By the way, has "A Woman" sons? And what form of torture does she favour to be applied to those members of her own sex who lure *youths* from the paths of virtue, respectability, and self reliance, and convert them into tools on which to rely in emergencies of their own guilty creation? DOWNWRITER



PREPARING THE FASHIONS FOR 1913

A committee of expert tailors and cutters selecting the best patterns for next spring's trouserings

BY E. A. MORROW

HOLIDAYS AT ZERO

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON WINTER SPORT

BY F. G. AFLALO

WHAT WE TRY TO—

"HOME, Sweet Home!" is all very well as a patriotic song, but its quality is a little strained on an average January morning in London town, and most of us would rather sing it under other skies where distance lends enchantment. The English winter is, in fact, best on Christmas cards, where the artist's imagination has full play with all the old ingredients: village church, with light streaming through stained glass windows on the snow outside; trees sparkling with frost; robins intuning in holly bushes, and so forth

The reality is painted in slush and fog, and all escape from it who can, whether to the balmy shores of the Riviera or to the white paradise on the roof of Switzerland. Here, evidently, are two vastly different ambitions, agreeing only in the common purpose of getting out of England at any cost. Those who are bound for the South of France aim at cheating life of its winters, and look forward to indulging in lawn tennis, yachting, and other summer sports, or wandering in light clothing among wild flowers at a time when Britain is plunged in mid-winter.

Photograph *Ballance*

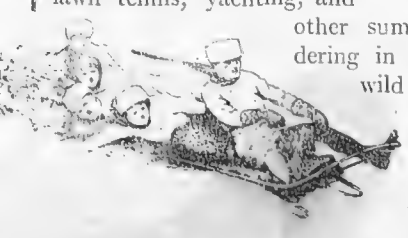
—AND WHAT WE HOPE TO ACHIEVE

The Horseshoe on the Bobsleigh Run, Lower Engadine

—GET AWAY FROM—

Wholly otherwise is the genius of *Wanderlust* in the more energetic folk who flock to St. Moritz and Adelboden for the winter sports that have long made these and other Swiss mountain resorts famous at this season of the year. They have no desire to forego their winter. What they want is a proper winter, with the mercury no matter how far below zero so long as the atmosphere keeps dry, the sun bright, and the sky blue. It is damp that tells on us in either extreme of temperature, whether it be the misty heat of eastern jungles or the foggy cold of English lanes.

Given dry air, healthy folk can cheerfully bear a few degrees more either way, and this, more even than the sunshine, is the secret of the high places in winter. These winter migrants of either class may, and will, experience occasional disillusion. The Riviera provides its days of rain, of depressing mistral, or cutting *bise*, just as the Swiss winter resorts are liable to fog and thaw, both of them fatal to enjoyment. On the whole, however, either region offers a very agreeable change from the horrors of an English



How Winter Sports are Organised

winter, and the fact that those who go once make a regular pilgrimage in after years is eloquent of the wisdom of such timely exile.

Much has been done of late years to organise these Swiss Winter Sports on a basis, social and otherwise, that shall provide the greatest

THE START OF A CHILDREN'S SKI-RACE

Photograph *Ballance*

A SKI-RACE FOR ADULTS IN PROGRESS

pleasure for the greatest number, and the credit of this may be divided among various agencies and carrying companies — Messrs. Lunn, Cook, and the Sleeping Car Company among them—and the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club, membership of which is inexpensive, and carries with it such obvious advantages as must commend themselves to everyone who contemplates a winter holiday on the mountain-tops. Above all, the Club seems to be achieving great things in the direction of putting the various competitions on a sound basis, and eliminating two elements that might otherwise interfere with the enjoyment of many: the tripper on the one hand and the professional on the other. Clearly, everyone cannot be a champion skater or a master of the telemark swing on ski. Everyone cannot, without both spirit and practice, negotiate the Battledore and Shuttlecock corners of the Cresta Run.

There are many who, though used to riding in stiff hunting country at home, may at first hesitate about racing (on horses with spiked shoes) over the frozen lake at St. Moritz. But all these things can be done in time and with a little by way of example and encouragement. The vogue of Swiss Winter Sports is not a great many years old, but it is difficult indeed to look forward to a future in which they have no place. The Swiss themselves, eminently a nation with an eye to trade, have unreservedly seconded the efforts of tourist agencies to get the best for their clients, unlike the Norwegians, who openly thwarted similar endeavours to fill their hotels with foreigners at a season when they need all the available accommodation for themselves.

An Exhilaration Track

OTHERWISE THE WORLD-FAMOUS CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ

Photograph *Ballance*

All eyes of winter sports lovers are now centred upon St. Moritz, the Mecca of ski-ists, tobogganists, skaters, curlists, etc., etc. The great exodus to this resort has, in fact, begun, and the season promises to be as good as any before. Above are seen the Battledore and Shuttlecock corners of the Cresta Run undergoing the process of an early morning sweep, preparatory to the day's sport. The high banking at this part of the track is particularly noticeable in the picture

The Robust Rivalry of the Public Schools

A PARTICULARLY EXHILARATING WINTER DIVERSION IS ICE HOCKEY

The first match of the season between England and Germany, which resulted in a draw, is seen taking place in the above photograph

There are winter sports, too, in the Black Forest, and the natives of Todtnau gave me glowing accounts of the ski-ing and tobogganing. But the hills are in such close proximity to the valleys that the sun is off them soon after midday at this time of year, and the air grows chill and damp before tea-time. Still further from the realities of Beatenburg and Zermatt is the make-believe tobogganing down the snowless slopes of Arcachon. Such mild frolic may amuse children, but it is not to be compared with the robust rivalry of dons, prelates, and Public Schoolboys, not to mention their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts, that gladdens the mountain-sides of Switzerland on either side of Christmas and the New Year. The Swiss Federal Railways and Wagons-Lits are at their wits' end to cope with the demand for places on the trains, and a glance at the accompanying photographs will leave little room for wonder that such should be the case. F. G. Aflalo

A JUMP ON SKIS

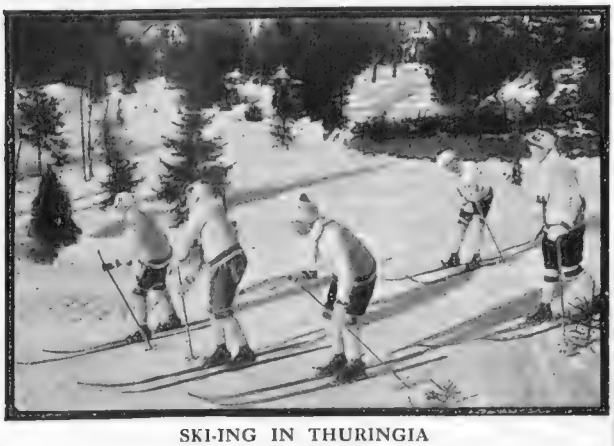
A feat which requires considerable practice to appear effective

Photograph] BOBSLEIGHING AT DAVOS [*E. Meerkampel*

A sport apparently as popular with the participant as with the spectators

Frolic in Thuringia

A GLIMPSE OF WINTER SPORT AS ENJOYED BY OUR GERMAN COUSINS



SKI-ING IN THURINGIA
A party coming down a hillside

SCHOOL CHILDREN WITH SPORTS PARAPHERNALIA SETTING OUT FOR THE SNOWFIELDS

DRIVING TO THE SPORTS CENTRE IN SLEIGHS

BOBSLEIGHING THROUGH A THURINGIAN VILLAGE

The Thuringian Forest in the neighbourhood of Oberhof is annually the scene of winter sports frolic, and the above photographs show this picturesque locality at its best, viz., in the height of the snow season. Ski-running has only recently been introduced into this district, but it is fast becoming popular, and is adapted not only for pleasure but for practical purposes. Children take part in the games as well as adults, and it is no uncommon sight to see large numbers of the former from the surrounding villages on holiday afternoons disporting themselves on skis and toboggans in the forest

MEN WHO HAVE MATTERED IN THE

MR. BALFOUR

VISCOUNT HALDANE

MR. F.

IT is often the complaint of critics that
and that "honest unfeeling caricatur
the times. The only caricaturist who (
eye for the mental and bodily absurdi
Beerbohm. We herewith offer the Britis
leading public characters, as carefully di
the past twelvemonth in

MR. LEWIS HARCOURT

EARL OF LONSDALE

MR. JOHN REDMOND

EAR 1912, AS SEEN BY MAX BEERBOHM

SMITH

glishmen are too kind to their public men, has been killed by the nicey-niciness of ording to Sir Claude Phillips) has a real of the men of the moment is Mr. Max ublic a view at a glance of a number of its ted by the caricaturist in question during pages of "The Bystander"

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

IR ARTHUR PINERO

EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT

Music in 1913

NEW YEAR'S DAY is always the day *par excellence* for stocktaking and the balancing of accounts. From the musical point of view there is not much to be said for the date. It really comes more or less in the middle of the musical year, which may be said to begin at the end of the Promenades. But tradition is stronger even than the reasonableness of THE BYSTANDER.

Competent Mediocrities

To begin with the less important concerts at the smaller halls, we are delighted to see that their number is tending to decrease somewhat. Should 1913 see it halved we should seriously begin preparing ourselves for the millennium. But that is very unlikely. Our vast musical training-shops will doubtless still continue to turn out a superfluity of competent mediocrities who, with their bows, their fingers, or their throats, will strive bravely to earn the income of a second-rate clerk. One thing, however, is noticeable: the standard of singing is rising, but against that we fancy that there is less demand for chamber music than a year or two ago.

The Event of 1912

Our orchestral concerts run in their old grooves as wilfully as ever. Sir Henry Wood still continues to specialise in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the London Symphony Orchestra to affect the three B's with an almost romantic devotion. Sir Henry's orchestra has improved, and it is certainly the best orchestra in London at present. The most interesting event of 1912 was the merit and the success of Mr. Balfour Gardiner's concerts, devoted to English music. Mr. Gardiner has more than adequately filled the place of Mr. Beecham. His concerts in 1913 promise to mark the real arrival of an English school of music, which Englishmen can listen to with enjoyment. *Quod faustum felixque sit.*

"Bystander" Prophecies

If 1912 has seen the fulfilment of one BYSTANDER prophecy in the extinction of Mr. Hammerstein, 1913 is likely to see the fulfilment of another in the continued quiescence of the scheme put forward by certain well-meaning gentlemen to establish an English Opera in Kingsway. The fact is that, as regards Opera, we still see no light—though if any kind friend will drop £30,000 in the collection we will undertake to show him one, and that very bright and beautiful! However, in the meantime we have Mr. Beecham tempting fortune again at Covent Garden.

What is Wanted

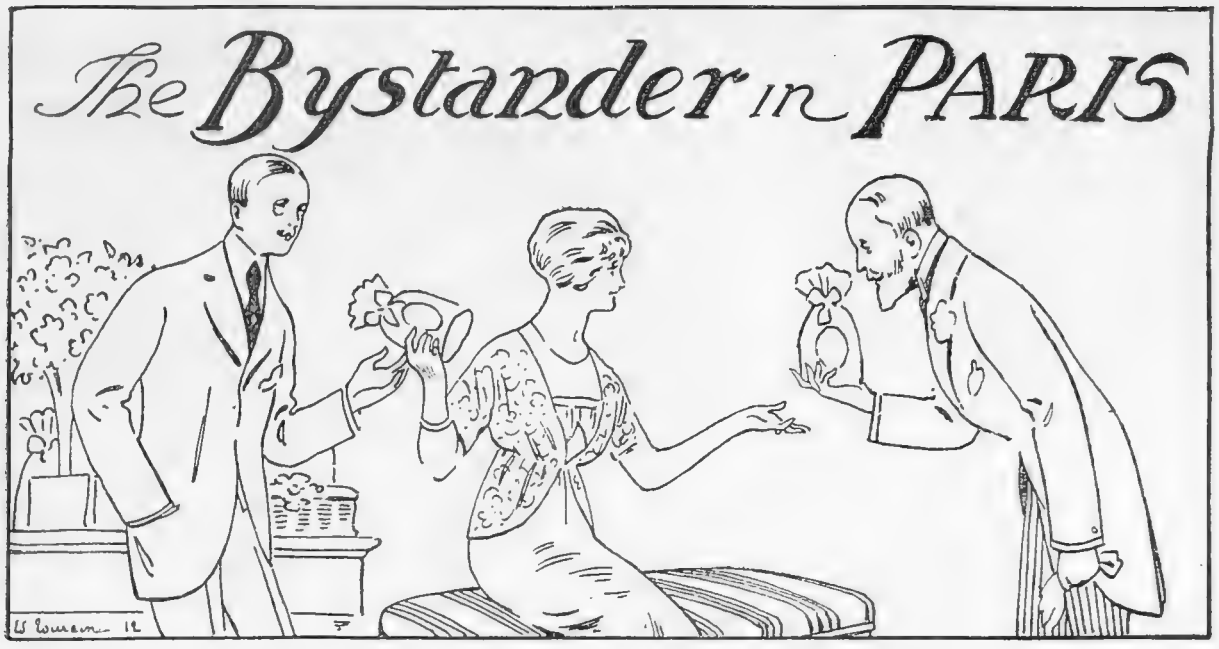
Opera apart, the prospects of English music and musicians are probably brighter than they have ever been. If only we could see a little more charity and tolerance introduced among the professionals and a little more discrimination and knowledge impressed upon the public, we should await 1913 with something more than confident anticipation. As it is, though, we cannot quite ask the public to join with us in singing the hymn, *Nun danket alle Gott*, we do not feel at all justified in recommending to them the penitential psalms. Perhaps the hymn, "For Those at Sea," would not be a bad compromise.

FRANCIS TOYE

GIVING AWAY TRADE SECRETS

LITTLE ONE (at mamma's dinner-party): "Mother, will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go round?"

BY LAURIE TAYLER



"Having stuck the label of a fashionable confectioner on each parcel he flies round visiting"

THE MANIFOLD HORRORS OF JANUARY 1

An Almanack and a Smile

Let me give you a tip for the New Year in Paris. Here, hi, no! I don't mean what you mean in the least. You are neither the postman who won't bring my letters upstairs, nor the sewerman, nor the dustman, nor any other of the begging crowd, I am sure. The tip I mean to give you for New Year in Paris is, "Wait in London till January 2," or, if you want to be quite safe, wait till the 3rd or 4th. I don't think I can be a mean man. The state of my banking account shows that. But just let me tell you, will you? The bell rang this afternoon. I opened the door myself. The tweeny Breton had gone out to tell the tradespeople what she wanted for New Year. A man presented me with an almanack and a smile. I recognised both. The almanack was from an insurance company, and I have seen that smile, or its twin brother, pretty frequently since December started. Don't you think it is stretching peace and goodwill to snapping-point when, after paying hard-earned money to an insurance company and remaining alive for twelve solid months, you are expected to accept a calendar and give eighteenpence to the brute who brings it?

Another Idea

And really, you know, I am going to make friends with the new French President, and ask him to use his influence to suppress the *étrennes* habit before he leaves office. It will be quite a safe proceeding, because I don't suppose the influence of the new French President will be peculiarly apparent. But the *étrennes* habit ought to die the death before long. I have never met anyone except *concierges* and barbers who really approve it. It is a curious fact that if you refuse New Year's gifts to your *concierge* and your barber their treatment of you afterwards, while conceived on diametrically opposing lines, is equally unpleasant. Eh? The editor has whispered that I am expected to give information about Paris at New Year. *Très bien, Monsieur le Rédacteur en Chef. J'y cours.*

"The sight of his extraction with his halo of parcels from the narrow door of his cab is a joy all day long on January 1"

Information

When motor-cars came in, the habit of the New Year's visit became an abuse in Paris. In the good old days the bachelor used to pay eight or ten visits, and apologise when next he met his friends' wives that his cab-horse had fallen dead from overwork before he had finished his round. If he was at all an ingenious liar it was usually pretty safe to say that, even without bothering about the ten visits. Nowadays there are taxicabs. Nowadays the Paris bachelor loads up a cab with boxes of sweets which he buys at the grocer's, and after having stuck the label of a fashionable confectioner on each white parcel he flies round visiting on the wings of petrol.

Procedure

Out of the cab, upstairs, "Happy and good," box handed over, and as you exit Madame passes the box on to her unhappy husband, whose car will presently convey him with it to a friend of the family's. This sort of thing goes on all over Paris from two till six on New Year's Day. It isn't exciting, I don't think it does any real good except to cabdrivers and confectioners, and the only thing it's better than is the ghastly official visit. Then you have to put on evening dress at 8 a.m. and wish it "Happy and good" to various high personages who cannot quite remember whether you copy letters in their secretary's office or are the nephew of their superior in degree who has to be ingratiated.

The Man Who Enjoys It

But there is one man in Paris who really enjoys New Year's Day. He is *le parrain*. In English you would call him Uncle Tom, I think, and he would work at Christmas-time. He is the man who has loved extensively, and is godfather to all their children. No, I don't mean anything in the least improper. *Le parrain* has spent a very busy fortnight in the shops buying every possibly and impossibly shaped gift. The sight of his extraction with his halo of parcels from the narrow door of his cab is a joy all day long on January 1. He is received with squeals of delight all day, and if, after making Georgette or the little Anatole madly happy with noisy toys which will annoy their father, he should kiss the rosy tips of their mother's dainty fingers, and should wink while doing so—well, why shouldn't godfathers have little privileges on New Year's Day as well as barbers and *concierges?*

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

SILVESTER NIGHT EXCITEMENTS

The Offence

WHENEVER New Year's Eve—in German *Silvester Abend*—comes round, the grave Berlin Bystander locks his doors, bolts his windows, and goes miserably to bed. It is a curmudgeonly way of bidding farewell to a year that has treated one so well; but after one *Silvester Abend* in Berlin you lose all enthusiasm, and almost wish that the terrestrial year were as long as that of Neptune. The offence is Berlin's unquenchable thirst to amuse itself wildly. No city on earth celebrates New Year's Eve so jovially, so fearfully. That is because it is the one night out of the three hundred odd in which the Berliner lets himself go. It is the one night you may see him drunk. All the rest of the year he swills modestly beer—and small beer at that. But on December 31 he ascends into what he describes as *Sect;* and this so flies to his unaccustomed head that *Skandalen, Krawallen,* and all other forms of street disorderliness are the result. Ordinarily peaceful Friedrichstrasse is impassable for men and impassable for women. Everyone pushes, hits, kisses you, pours things down your neck, and bawls into your tired ears incessantly, "*Prosit Neujahr.*"

Liquid Night

It is proper that Silvester Night should be a liquid night, for it is called after a saint who douched—though only in modest water—the Emperor Constantine. But Silvester did not invent the Jokearticles—the *Scherzartikeln*—of which every New-Yearing Berliner buys a store. The one obvious remark to make about the Jokearticle is that it is no joke. Its humour is in direct proportion to its effectiveness as an instrument of torture. If you have taken a nice-looking girl out to supper, you must also take some Jokearticles. Take, for instance, some chocolates made out of india-rubber. Just before starting on *hors d'œuvres* offer a rubber chocolate to the pretty girl. She puts it in her rosebud mouth, and rejects it with a wry face. "Ha, ha, a Jokearticle!"

The Refined Way

That is the refined way you celebrate Silvester. But, of course, you can do it less vulgarly, more serenely. For instance, when you turn up at Frau Gruenbein's supper (in the Hardenbergstrasse), you have a dirty bandage stained with blood on your right hand. The guests ask questions, make sympathetic remarks; and secretly think that you might have stayed at home. When supper is just over, and everyone is full of *Sect*, you slip off the bandage unobserved. "What about your hand; where's the bandage?" says someone. "There was no bandage," you say. "There was," he swears. An argument ensues; it ends by your vowing that the guests imagined the bandage, they've had too much *Sect*, and'll see snakes next. Just at the moment, when a youthful officer on you right is handing you fiercely his card, you chuckle insanely, "Ha, ha, ha! it was only a Jokearticle!" Everyone roars with delight.

Too Much of a Joke

Except sour Herr Trinkeubtel. Herr Trinkbeutel is a product of super-civilisation, who thinks the Jokearticle a relic of German barbarism. He makes war on it every year, and threatens his wife with terrible consequences if he sees a Jokearticle in his house. At ten o'clock on Silvester Night, 1911, he went into his study, and found on the green cloth of his desk a half-smoked cigar with a glowing end. "Ha, ha, another of those fake cigars which we had last year," said Trinkbeutel. "They won't catch me; this time I'll catch them." And he took the cigar into his wife's dressing-room, and laid it carefully on her pale blue silk opera-cloak. At two in the morning, when he was going to bed, he heard a hysterical scream from the dressing-room. "What is it, dear?" he asked tipsily. "Some horrid wretch," came the tearful voice of Frau Trinkbeutel, "has put a glowing cigar—a real cigar—on my opera-cloak, and burnt a hole . . ." Still, it's a reasonably refined way of spending Silvester Night.

One of the Castles in the Air

WHICH CAUSED THE DEPOSITION OF KING LUDWIG OF BAVARIA

The recent death of Prince Leopold, late Regent of Bavaria, recalls the pathetic tragedy of the mad monarch, King Ludwig II. Infatuated by Wagner mania, the King devoted a great part of his time to the building of castles, one of which, the Schloss Neuschwanstein, is shown above. In the course of time the King's idealism crossed the borderline which separates eccentricity from madness, and he was dethroned by his people in 1886

The Bystander in New York

MR. CARNEGIE REACHES THE LIMIT

Not a Joke

If it were anybody but Andrew one would naturally assume that it was some subtle kind of a jest, not in very good taste, perhaps, but certainly a joke. Anybody who knows Andrew, however (and who does not?), knows that he is not in the habit of jesting about holy things like dollars, nor would he ever profane the sacred name of charity—Carnegie charity—with a joke. Therefore he must have seriously contemplated extending his bounty to impoverished Presidents of the United States.

Abnormal Egotism

Not being a citizen of the United States, the New York Bystander is in a position to enjoy the humour of the thing. It is simply colossal. I have often wondered what Mr. Carnegie's mind must be like; I have wished that some prominent psychologist would devote his life to making an exhaustive analysis of that abnormal egotism. But now I am convinced that it is a case for the biologist; the disease must be physical, a swelled head in a quite literal sense. Here is a man who has made a preposterous fortune, for which, to do him justice, circumstances rather than himself are to blame, devoting the declining years of his life to an utterly futile attempt to spend it. He has bought pretty well everything that can be bought, and tried to buy unpurchasable things like skill at golf and a sense of humour. Now he has conceived the magnificent scheme of purchasing ex-Presidents of the United States at a bargain price. Probably he has no clear idea of what he wants to do with them when he has got them; he simply covets the joy of conscious possession. After years of charitable dissipation the old "*roué*" is looking for a new sensation to tickle his jaded palate.

Photograph *Lafayette*

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

A criticism of whom forms the subject of the article on this page

A Dispassionate View

Not being an American, I am able to take this dispassionate view of the situation. If I were an American, I should simply have a blind desire to pulverise Mr. Carnegie for his insufferable impertinence. The extraordinary thing is that, on the whole, the great American people have taken the proposal very calmly. There is a general consensus of opinion on the part of the man in the street that Andrew has really gone a little too far this time, and ought to be snubbed; but a good part of the Press cannot even now abandon its habitual attitude of respect for a man who has acquired such an embarrassing number of millions. The *Evening Post* had only an hour or two to consider how it should take the idea, and its indecision was reflected in the tone of its editorial: it didn't think that Presidents needed pensioning at all, and if they did it was a matter for Congress, but at the same time it quite appreciated the laudable intentions of the philanthropic Andrew. The *Times* took a similar view, but went out of its way to print half a column of fulsome compliment about Mr. Carnegie's greatness and wisdom. The only one of the leading papers that was at all adequate to the situation was the *Sun*, which, after a graceful allusion to "that modest and unostentatious son of Plutus," went on to say: "There is certainly no reason why a former President of the United States should be a parasite on a dropsical private fortune made out of outgrown commercial vices like rebates, out of an outgrown system like Protection for Protection's sake, fines levied on the majority to give one little strutting plutocrat immortal opportunity for advertising." That strikes the Bystander as really not at all bad, and with it may be classed some rather clever verses I saw somewhere that interpret the letters U.S.A. as the "United States of Andrew."

Embarrassed Ex-Presidents

Concerning the general question of pensioning ex-Presidents, it seems to be pretty well agreed that some provision ought to be made for them. A man who has filled the office of President cannot take up any avocation that offers as though nothing had happened. If he cared to exploit his late position, of course he could command any salary he chose, and it is a tribute to the high type of men who have filled the office that this has never been done. At the same time, ex-Presidents have in the past found themselves considerably embarrassed by lack of wealth, and both Cleveland and Harrison were, after their retirement, exposed to criticism on account of the means they adopted to earn a living, means that were entirely legitimate in themselves, but to which the hypercritical found objection on the ground of the high position formerly held by those who employed them. President Taft, who is a poor man, is likely to find himself in a similar difficulty if, as he has announced that he will, he resumes the practise of law. It will be difficult for him, for instance, to plead for a client in the Supreme Court, for the very reason that most of the Supreme Court judges were appointed by himself; nor would it be considered good taste for him to appear in any case against the Government.

Not a Motor Meet

BUT NEW YORKERS DOING THEIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN FIFTH AVENUE

he faithful quadruped must be something of a curio in the Empire City, judging by the above photograph of Fifth Avenue on a bus day during the last fortnight, which shows the American world and his wife intent upon Christmas shopping in automobiles

The Three Samuel Butlers

IF you mention Samuel Butler's name to the average man he will suppose you mean the author of *Hudibras*, a poem which always seems to me to deserve a wider popularity than it possesses to-day. A few, particularly elderly, people, perhaps ignorant of this poem, will think of a certain Bishop of Lichfield as the Butler in your mind, and, at any rate, until a year or two ago, not more than one or two in a hundred would have guessed that you might be referring to neither of these worthies, but to a much more modern man, the grandson, in fact, of the Bishop, a prose-writer who died in 1902. And this third Samuel Butler, strange as it may seem, was probably the greatest of them. His *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited* are among the most delicious satires ever written. His *Way of All Flesh* was a novel like no other novel in the world—which is saying a good deal—and now, thanks to Mr. H. Festing Jones and Mr. Fifield, the publisher, we are permitted to see *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (Fifield: 6*s.* net).

Pot-Pourri

Now, here is a book which it is impossible to criticise by the ordinary canons. Butler, as all who knew him will admit, was an astonishing personality. He held views on most things. He endeavoured to prove that Homer was a woman. He wrote about Shakespeare's Sonnets. He was a biologist. In some ways he equalled the aloofness of Nietzsche. But however eccentric you may think his views, it is impossible not to see that here was a virile and original thinker, who cared nothing for convention in thought—and his *Note-Books* consequently bristle with unexpected apothegms and essays in miniature which no one can afford to miss. Butler used to write down in these note-books anything he wanted to remember, and from such books Mr. Festing Jones has made what would seem to be the most judicious possible selection. Here is a live book. Read the *Note-Books*, which are never dull and often startling; and afterwards read all the other books which Butler wrote. Disagree with him as much as you like—he was used to disagreement in his life and will not object to it after his death—but read him. And then, if you have time, read that earlier satire written by his namesake.

Photograph *Alfred Emery Cathie*

SAMUEL BUTLER

The frontispiece to "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler" (Fifield: 6s. net), reviewed on this page

A New History

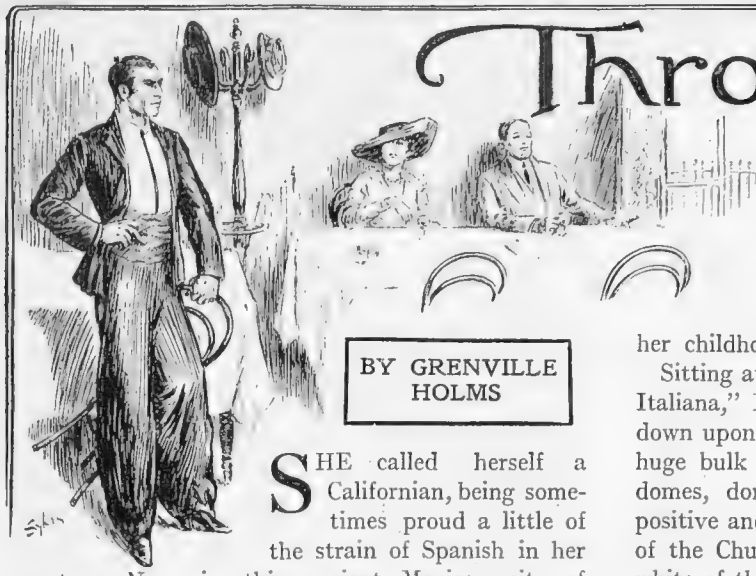
What the strictly academical historical critics will say of Mr. R. H. Gretton's *A Modern History of the English People*: Vol. I., 1880-1898 (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) I dare not guess, but at least it is modern, and will certainly prove of great interest to the reader who may not be aware that he possesses any particular interest in history itself. To begin with, Mr. Gretton is a novelist. And he has gone to sources which the older historians seldom touched, even when it was possible for them to do so: I mean the newspapers. He gives to each year a chapter. Such a scheme has its advantages, of course, but Mr. Gretton seems to have got over most of the difficulties which this method would seem to entail. Occasionally he is startling. Looking over the back numbers of the *Times* he finds columns devoted to some domestic matter which, I dare swear, future historians of the Gibbon type, if they ever exist, which I doubt, will altogether fail to mention. And yet the constant intrusion of these minor matters has an importance of its own. Mr. Gretton is not writing a Constitutional History, but a history of the people, and even so far back as 1880, it seems, the newspapers did not always give more room to a foreign treaty than they gave to a murder. The fact remains: Mr. Gretton's first volume breaks new ground. He has much to say of the growth of what I may term commercial electricity. He traces the changes due to scientific discoveries, and he is never dull. I look forward to the second volume, and in the meantime recommend the first to my readers.

Black Magic

Mr. Elliott O'Donnell's new novel, *The Sorcery Club* (Rider: 6*s.*), contains an attractive idea. Three natives of San Francisco get into league with mysterious and most devilish powers, and find themselves able to do many strange things. Naturally they become millionaires, come to London, expose Maskelyne and Devant, edit a paper containing to-morrow's news, fly in Bond Street by mere will, become invisible when they choose, and walk either on or beneath water for any length of time, thus easily surpassing Miss Kellerman. Such gifts, however, have their disadvantages, and the Love which is forbidden them comes to spoil things. One of the three breaks the devil's contract—with unpleasant results. Mr. O'Donnell's idea is far better than his novel, which in places drags. It could have been so much better done. The passages which ought to be gruesome are not really gruesome at all. On the other hand, the book is in places very amusing indeed.

RALPH STRAUS

Throw-backs



BY GRENVILLE HOLMS

SHE called herself a Californian, being sometimes proud a little of the strain of Spanish in her ancestry. Now, in this ancient Mexican city of Guadalajara, steeped in the traditions of Old Spain, she found herself strangely at home.

There were complex stirrings within herself that she did not wish to understand. She felt too uncomfortably human. To her husband she made no mention of these indescribable emotions. Mysteries confided to a New York stockbroker are apt to be reduced to the ridiculous, and she secretly cherished her state of phantasy.

If beauty be in feature, she lacked it, but if poise and line attract, she was infinitely alluring. The shapely head with other carriage might have been conspicuously noble; something, however, in the long-throated reach of the neck suggested the predatory instinct, borne out by the expression of the eyes, in which the pupils dilated blackly on the warm amber of the iris. These same eyes outwardly gave token of many simulated feelings with a vivacity quite charming, but they appeared continually to screen off a secret nature. Contemplating the eyes of this woman, one thought of elemental passions. If the eyes were her great feature, the mouth gave more key to her true self. The short upper lip curled outward enough to make visible a shadowy line above itself, when the light came upwards to her face. The skin over the eyeteeth showed that slight fulness indicative of animalism. The pouting of the lower lip, full and red, continually invited. But it was the savagery of the teeth, white and strong, that impressed one. Something in their overlapped setting—in the angle at which they grew from the jaw—suggested a ferocity that was startling.

Viewing her as a well-groomed woman of the world, you felt that these signs must be those of a nature schooled into latency. In her world the veneer goes deep.

Yet she was in a strange country.

Ordinarily, she rather prided herself on taking that correct attitude towards life which accepts only the commonplace as admissible, recognising the existence of the *outré* as possible, but Bohemian and not at all nice.

The splendour of the sun, the blue of the sky, the thin quality of the air, the blackness of the night, seemed not in any way remarkable, but what they ought to be ideally; what she had always been seeking, knowing th t in her true country they existed. The cries of vendors in the streets, the sacred music from the churches, the padres in military cloaks, the women in black, the patient "burros," the carved fronts and barred windows, the clashing of bells troubled her memory as though her childhood had been passed among them.

Sitting at table by the open window of the "Fama Italiana," Irene Vanderbyle and her husband looked down upon the Plaza de Armas. Across the way the huge bulk of the cathedral, rounded with porcelain domes, dominated a complete side of the square, positive and mighty evidence of the power and riches of the Church. On the right, the garish green and white of the Government Palace, doctored with fresh paint to resemble an achievement in confectionery, unblushingly masqueraded its age. To the left, houses and stores projected their second storeys over an arcade, brilliantly lit, up and down which people were taking their evening "vuelta," or turn.

In the square itself, the electric arcs made yet more pallid the powdered faces of the languid beauties in carriages or autos, revolving slowly around with glitter of wheel-spokes and burnish of satin horseflesh. On the outside edge of the central pavement humble folk and hatless women streamed in a narrow crush between two rows of orange trees, and within—on the promenade proper—the *élite* of the town had their parade. The line of black-clad men, passing from east to west, was destitute of womenkind, and sometimes halted in its slow movement owing to the pressure of so many. The eyes of the men were constantly turned towards the line of women making from west to east. Gay colours, sheen of silk and satin, toss of lace and nod of plume-shrieked Paris. One recollected the same women at Mass, vestured in black without relief, bewitchingly romantic in soft mantilla—and regretted the Joseph's coatings.

Spelling the charm of the scene, the band of the Gendarmeria kept the curious, haunting time of Spanish "danzas," sometimes so very softly that you looked for strings among the brass. About this music Irene felt a troubled satisfaction. In the thin wailing of the reeds there was the influence of the Moor, the whisper of things very mystical and very earthly.

The segregation of the sexes set Irene to thinking. She perceived that the way of the Southern is as inscrutable to the Northerner as the way of the East is to the way of the West.

In the depth of her meditation she was conscious that a man was taking his place at the next table. Now, there are certain people who emanate a personality, and her eyes of their own accord turned towards him. She felt dimly that he would typify the country and be a concrete for the crystallisation of her troubled imaginings.

Something set him apart from other men. He had the look of a prize-fighter, yet oddly suggested the priest. For the one, he was obviously too foreign; to be the other, he was too much the man of the world. Again, he had the indescribable air of the horsey man, but also a touch of the lawyer.

(All rights strictly reserved)

She failed utterly to place him, but his very presence oppressed her. He was magnetic, as the great beasts are magnetic. That outstood. He was the apotheosis of animalism. He made what he looked at gross. He incarnated not evil, but untamed brutality, natural and fierce. It was startling to see him in a restaurant —anywhere in the world of to-day—this brute man from a dead age.

In her strange mood, Irene felt that this unique monster invincibly attracted her. She wondered with insatiable curiosity whom or what he might be.

His felt hat, hung on the rack above him, was black and hard, shaped like a straw hat, but wider in the brim. His short, black alpaca jacket showed a wide bosom of shirt-front, traversed longitudinally by a narrow strip of tie. A close-wound sash, very broad, supported a pair of grotesquely baggy trousers. The heels of his very small shoes were of more than ordinary height, giving the feet the look of hoofs. At the back of his head grew an odd-looking tuft of hair.

The waiter approached with the cocktails. It was obvious that he regarded the occupant of the adjacent table with respectful awe.

"Es Vicente Corcuera," he announced to the Americans, pronouncing the name with that *empressement* due to a celebrity. Seeing them remain unimpressed, he whispered behind his hand, "El gran matador de Madrid."

Irene was not surprised. This man swayed the passions of thousands, swayed them as no orator might do. This was the man who mastered his audiences, drove their breath backwards to their fluttering hearts, wrenched from them cries of demoniacal possession, set them frantically cheering, mesmerised them to cold silences of utter fear, roused them to sobbing ovations.

And his way was through neither heart nor soul, but through the brute in man. He was the priest of the primæval passions.

She could not have explained what she felt towards him. Conscious of her regard, he cast his eyes over her, like a man judging horseflesh. Meeting her gaze, he returned it. She was momentarily shocked. She questioned herself faint-heartedly if she had looked at him in that same manner. Her husband was amiably chasing the olive in his glass. His well-dressed aspect revolted her, yet she knew that she loved him. This storming of the blood reached for her out of the centuries. She took comfort in denying her own responsibility for such sensations. There were other selves, that were not herself, alive and striving within her.

While the priests in the cathedral prayerfully endeavoured in the mornings to arouse an enthusiasm of mind and soul, Vicente Corcuera, on the Sunday afternoons, punctually at four o'clock, successfully possessed the populace with demons. Very strangely, he distantly resembled a priest.

As a bullfighter, Vicente Corcuera was the *prima donna* of the Plaza de Toros, wherever bulls are fought. Since the day that he received the accolade of tauromachy at the hands of his great rival, Mazzantini, he had been the idol of Spain and Spanish America.

Like Mazzantini, he had been educated for a better estate. Had he been simply a man of the people, his choice of a profession might not have been startling. Born of the upper classes, his throw-back to a prehistoric animalism excited comment, for he was basicly, strangely animal. Even the picadors, most hardened of all who make their living in the ring, owned to an uncanny fear of this brute-man.

Vanderbyle had booked a box for the fight. Down in Mexico it was one of the things to do. They had seen Corcuera on their way to the Plaza de Toros del "Progreso" being tooled along in a smart mail phaeton by a youthful man-about-town. It was only a glitter of bullioned shoulders as the well-horsed trap shot past them amid the "Vivas" of the crowd.

In their box they faced the "Sol," full of peons, a mass of huge "sombreros" and white "manta" shirts, broken here and there by the vivid colours of "zarapes." And the "Sol" shouted rude things and whistled and catcalled. In the "Sombra," or shady side immediately below them, the stone benches, rising tier upon tier, were black with people. Notable were the numbers of gendarmes, spruce in white uniforms, scattered through the crowd, and the solid phalanx of blue-coated soldiery sitting with fixed bayonets. It is at the bull-ring that you have the uprisings of the people. If you unchain the brute in man, you do prudently to show the whip.

On the sand of the arena the advertisement of a brewery was picked out in yard-long, purple letters of coloured sawdust. A stray dog became the objective for many missiles. The insistent whistling of the waiting mob reached a crescendo of shrillness.

Suddenly, at the blare of a trumpet, the band broke into the triumphal march from *Carmen*. At the same moment two horsemen, superbly mounted, pranced into the ring, their short, black cloaks streaming backward and the ostrich plumes in their caps nodding to and fro. These were the "alguaciles," or introducers. With due solemnity they saluted the "Cambiador de Suertes," or Changer of the Acts, uttered their few words of formal speech, wheeled, and spurred to the entrance-gates at full gallop, taking their position at the head of the "Cuadrilla" of bullfighters, leading them in state to beneath the presidential chair.

The two lines of bullfighters, headed by Corcuera and Reverte, the alternate matador, advanced with the springy step of athletes, but there was a manner in their walk which is inimitable. The splendour of the costumes made the procession a pageant. Corcuera and Reverte dazzled the eye with gold, spangled and bullioned to the waist with broad strips of gold down the knee-breeches of dark crimson and light green, which were cut well beneath the knee and met by white stockings terminating in pumps. The capes from their shoulders shot many colours as they swung. Behind these two, the "capadores" and "banderilleros" imitated their gorgeousness in silver. All wore the "montera," or cap of astrakhan. Last of the "Cuadrilla" came the picadors, mounted on miserable hacks; both men wore black jackets, sequined with jet, and yellow trousers. The "sombrero cañalez" on their heads, with its wide, hard brim, would protect the head in case of a fall; also, as a protection to the cerebrum, a pom-pom of hair, the "coleta," was affixed at the back of the head. At the tail of the procession followed the team of mules, decorated with tiny flags, and urged by the "Monos Sabios," Wise Monkeys, who remove the dead and the maimed.

(Continued on page 38)

The Picturesque Side of Hunting

TWO PLEASING PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEETS IN ENGLAND AND WALES

WALES: THE GRANDEUR OF THE MOUNTAINS

A meet of the Llanharan Foxhounds at Capel Llambad on the mountains overlooking the Vale of Glamorgan

Photographs *Sport and General*

ENGLAND: THE BEAUTY OF THE WOODED SLOPE

The Eridge Foxhounds meet at Frant. The photograph shows the field keeping in touch while the hounds work the park

(Continued from page 36)

The "alguaciles," their duty done, retired from the ring, and again the wail of a bugle sounded a new act.

The eyes of thousands were fixed upon the wooden passage where the bull would make entrance. Over this passage lent a man with a gaudy-coloured rosette in his hand. He had the attitude of a striker. Suddenly a dark, hairy mass rushed beneath him, and the barbed rosette appeared studded on the shoulder of the bull.

He was one of the "Piedras Negras" breed, black, swift, and formidable. His first wild rush carried him to the middle of the Plaza. Stamping with rage, he sighted the outflung cape of "El Serio," most audacious of "capadores." The Serious One did not abide his coming, but escaped fleetly to the barrier and into the "callejón." The horns of the bull missed him by inches; his stormy snort of wrath sounded like the ripping of silk.

A horse stood a few yards off, dejected and miserable, one eye covered with a leather bandage, for his rider always so reined him as to keep his right side towards the bull. The man on his back had a face of malign brutality, Irish in its large spaces and heavy lines. From the obviously cylindrical shape of his right leg one surmised that it was protected with armour below the yellow breeches that he wore. Behind the horse, whip in hand, stood a "mono sabio," whose red jockey-cap, red shirt, and white trousers dodged to and fro in the shelter of the steed, as he beat it to the advance.

A "capador" wafted his cape between the bull and the horse, flirting it to nowhere as the bull sighted the horseman towering in front of him. Would he charge this formidable object! For a moment he stood at gaze, throwing the sand high around him with the restless pawing of his hoofs. The "mono sabio" frantically urged the horse a step nearer towards him. As the picador settled his lance for the shock, the bull came at him in a rush. The spear-point, wrapped almost to its tip in linen thread, glanced off the smooth shoulderblade, and the horns of the bull buried themselves in the white flank of the horse. For a few moments there was a horrible heaving, then the horns withdrew. Perhaps it would not have been so revolting if the horse had not been white in colour. You can see things clearly on a white surface, especially red. Something unnameable had happened to the horse, so horrid that it should have died, but that was only apparent when the poor beast staggered to its feet, revealing a sight that makes the foreigner sick and faint.

The picador stumped with his armoured leg to the barrier.

On the opposite side of the ring the bull was attacking another horse.

Vanderbyle had risen to leave. No man cares for his wife to see such things. Irene had also risen. Her expression made havoc of her features. As you looked at her, you wondered what manner of man her father might have been; you could not think of her mother.

"Otro caballo!" roared the crowd. She, too, would have clamoured for more blood, if she had known how to demand it. There were women with thumbs in Rome.

"This is no place for you, dear," Vanderbyle remonstrated. "Just think of the Horse Show at home and look at what they do to a horse down here. It makes me sick and mad."

She threw off his arm impatiently.

The bull killed five horses. Neighbour turned to neighbour delightedly. "A superb bull," said they. He killed two more. Six carcasses were huddled about the ring—the white horse alone had gained the entrance before collapse came. All these forms, whether bay, grey, brown, or black, had that same supine twist of the neck and that rigid upthrow of the hip that needed no pools of blood to proclaim death.

"Que Toro!" "What a bull!"

From the seat of the "Cambiador de Suertes" the bugle notified the close of the picadors' act. Catcalls and whistles of resentment rent the air, punctuated with cries of "No! No! No!" from the "Sol" and "Sombra." They would have more horses. Horses are cheap. They cost but eight or ten pesos when "dedicated" to the ring.

The bugle had blown.

An attendant in the "callejón," that passage which runs between the cement wall of the ring proper and the wooden barrier within it, handed "El Serio" a pair of "banderillas," sticks about fifteen inches long, wrapped almost to the steel barb with streamers of coloured paper and tinsel. This was, indeed, a bull to honour. "El Serio" bowed to the "Sol" and snapped the "banderillas" across his knee, shortening them thus to a length of six inches or less. The crowd rose cheering from their seats. He had many times multiplied the hazard of his part.

This work was exquisite. The fleet-footed gentry of the capes affronted the bull with waving colours. Desperately he charged, found he charged a phantom, snorted, and wheeled. Some other cape enticed him, till giddy with his charging and his fury, he brought up all standing face to face with the man with the "banderillas."

The face of the bull, matted with hide like astrakhan, lowered towards a dead horse. "Ah-ha!" shouted the man, stamping his foot smartly on the ground. The bull recognised a sworn tormentor, and hurled himself at him. This was not a man high up on a horse's back, or a man flirting a cape. The bull had a man alone to gore. But the man also was charging the bull!

They met. They must have met, but it was inconceivable that the man had come off scatheless. Yet, there was "El Serio," with his queerly shaped black cap in hand, bowing back to the plaudits of the people, and there went the bull with two little yellow sticks thrust close together between his shoulders, throwing back his head and bellowing at the insult.

While he raged, a cape flung past his face incited him to turn. Darting past his horns, coming, as it were, from behind, "Cuatro Dedos," the second "banderillero," planted a second pair beside the first.

The third pair was poorly placed, far down on the withers.

For the third time the bugle sounded.

Vicente Corcuera stepped before the president's box, the glittering sword, with its curiously bent point, and the vivid red "muleta" in his left hand. With head uncovered, he delivered a short and formal speech, perfectly inaudible, his back to the bull.

"Cuidado, Vicente!" yelled five thousand voices. The bull was charging him from behind. Instinct or luck forewarned him how to step. The bull crashed by, missing the gore by inches only. Vicente had not

(Continued on page 40)

Captivating Princess Caprice

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS CLARA EVELYN AND MR. HARRY WELCHMAN IN A LOVE SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "PRINCESS CAPRICE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

Miss Evelyn's performance is one of the best to be seen on the musical-comedy stage. Her playing and singing are marked by charm and distinction; and, in the latter connection, it is interesting to note that Miss Evelyn has entered musical-comedy with a finished musical training received at the Royal College. Musical-comedy is, indeed, fortunate in being able thus to attract to its service talent which otherwise might have been wasted on the desert air of the concert-room. Miss Evelyn's previous appearances in this branch of the stage have been in "The Eternal Waltz," "The Quaker Girl," "The Girl in the Train," etc.

(Continued from page 38)

taken his eyes from the box or interrupted his speech. The theatrical incident took the house by storm.

"Una Diana," shrieked the excited mob, and the band burst into the fanfare of the "Diana," which they play to honour pluck.

Bowing deeply to the President, Vicente tossed his hat among the people on the benches and advanced towards the bull. There was no hesitation in his approach to the animal. It was almost too coldly businesslike.

The red "muleta" brought the charge. Always the bull wheeled sharply as he missed the rag. Kneeling on one knee, the matador played him. The passes came so rapidly and so close that it seemed as if the bull must down the man. The bull grew giddy. He wanted rest. A dead horse attracted him, and he rooted at the body. But Vicente had no mind to let him rest. He ran after him with "muleta" extended.

"No, Vicente, no!" cried the people. There were patches of gore on the ground, and the footing was slippery.

Irene regarded the man in the ring with adoration. She felt suffocated with emotions. She was aware that brute faced brute. This man was exotic to her smooth life. That had its attraction, but in her heart of hearts it was the primæval being that drew her.

She saw him make a mis-step backwards across the body of a horse, saw him stand unbalanced for a single moment, saw the brute face of the man blanch in the sunlight. He had lost control. In that instant every human being in the vast audience knew by a strange telepathy that the man out there had lost his nerve. An American, seated below, whispered tensely: "The bull's got him now. He'll kill him." Then the bull stooped down and gored at a dead horse.

The tension was over.

"I will go now," she said to her husband, and left without a backward glance at the ring. As they drove to the hotel she asked him if he had ever lost his nerve.

"Only when I proposed to you, dear," her husband replied. Looking carefully into the face of the fighter of "bulls" and "bears," she believed him.

GRENVILLE HOLMS

"DREAMING": BY H. GSELL

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TARDY RECOGNITION

The above statue of President Kruger has just arrived from Lorenzo Marques, where it has been in hiding for thirteen years, for erection in the Princess Park, Pretoria

THE MOUTH OF THE SIMPLON TUNNEL (SWISS SIDE)

A duplicate of which is now under construction. The new tunnel will be bored a distance of seventeen metres to the right of the old one, and will have a total length of about 19,970 metres. This great engineering feat, when completed, should much facilitate international communication

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A NEW YEAR generally starts with certain resemblances to a foundling. You never know whose year it will turn out to be. Lloyd George's? Winston's? The Kaiser's?

* * *

Nobody can say. Perhaps 1913 will be known to posterity as "McKenna's Year." Owing to a series of misunderstandings, Mr. McKenna hasn't had his year yet, but I have strong hopes of him. He may get the better of a Suffragette, or disestablish the Welsh Church, or succeed Mr. Runciman at the Board of Agriculture. As everybody knows, opportunity makes the Man.

* * *

1913 would have seemed more of a novelty if the Government could have got through some of its old Bills and started new ones. As it is, what with Home Rule, the Welsh Affair, the Suffrage, and so forth, one has to rub one's eyes to make quite sure that it isn't all a dream that 1912 has really departed. It has, of course, but it has crept away rather like the snail, leaving a distinct suggestion of snail behind it. Never mind. Things may happen yet. Mr. Churchill might decide that Mr. Asquith's health is not quite good enough. . . . And what then?

* * *

This Washington Monument, to celebrate the Centenary of Peace, seems a capital idea. There are one or two minor objections to it, perhaps. It is Washington's successors rather than Washington who must be considered responsible for all these years of peace, Washington himself being best known as a General. And I don't care about monuments in London. Few people do.

* * *

Still, there are many things to be said in favour of a Washington Monument. It would be far more effective than a Taft Monument, for example. Again, little boys could be taken to it for a treat, and told the well-known story about Washington and the Panama Canal—I mean the cherry tree.

* * *

Lastly, if the monument were placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, it might determine the London County Council not to undermine that edifice. Tram enthusiasts might object, but you can't please everybody.

* * *

The alternative plan of buying the ancestral home, in Northamptonshire, of the Washington family, and turning it into a Mecca for American tourists, is not without merit. A Mecca of this sort is needed, in order to give a breathing space to other Meccas like Stratford-on-Avon. And the manufacture of souvenirs of Washington's ancestors might give a good deal of regular employment.

* * *

A SUGGESTION FOR THE USE OF THE PRESENT-DAY VOLUMINOUS FASHION IN FURS

(By Laurie Tayler)

Germany's chief sporting magazine has ascertained that the German Emperor during the last forty years has shot, among other things, "2,094 red deer, 3,442 wild boar, 532 foxes, 2 moufflons, 1 otter, 826 herons, 5 snipe, and a whale." One of the chief trophies of Dumas' gun was a 7 lb. trout, but the Kaiser does not seem to have had any luck in this direction.

* * *

According to the *Daily Telegraph*, in an effective article, the young ex-Emperor of China "plays ceaselessly with toy soldiers in the halls that were trodden by the feet of Kubla Khan himself." Surely the pathos of this is rather overdone? Does Colonel Seely supervising the work of the Territorials in the halls once trodden by the feet of Lord Haldane demand our pity? I doubt it.

* * *

"Professor Bassett, who has noticed that the saltness of the sea is subject to periodic changes, is of opinion that if monthly observations of the salinities of the Irish Sea were taken, forecasts of the weather might be given for months ahead." Hitherto, of course, we have only had three-day forecasts, though I fancy they too are usually taken with a grain of salt.

* * *

Are men failing to keep pace with women? It looks very like it, for the *Daily Mail* maintains that the art of buying is carried out nowadays by housekeepers with far greater skill than it was—whereas their husbands seem to have the same old difficulty in acquiring the art of paying.

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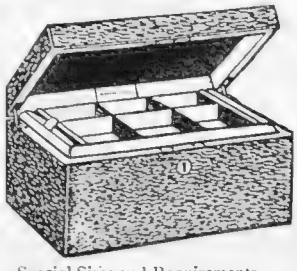

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Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New

AS this issue of THE BYSTANDER starts the New Year on its way, it is a convenient moment for casting a look backward before we set our faces to the expectations of the future. In certain aspects 1912 has been eventful, one feature marking it out specially for the eye of the historian. The Amateur Championship was played on the famous course of the Royal North Devon Club at Westward Ho! for the first time. Years of agitation and petition had been necessary before this excellent consummation was brought about. The tournament itself was remarkable for the eighth success of that great player, Mr. John Ball, after a desperate tussle with Mr. Abe Mitchell. But there was no revelation of fresh amateur talent among the younger division such as we anxiously look for each year.

The Two Protagonists

The professionals have had their usual busy and fruitful year, the number of competitions and prizes having shown no signs of diminution. The great event was won at Muirfield by E. Ray, who thus set the final seal on a reputation which had been steadily growing from year to year. He won decisively, having led from start to finish, the only player who seriously disputed the title with him being Harry Vardon. The struggle between these sons of Jersey was repeated in the final of the *News of the World* Tournament at Sunningdale, when the older man took his revenge after a ding-dong fight, which was only settled by Vardon's last putt at the thirty-sixth hole.

Few Changes

There is nothing particular to record about the implements of the game, nor is there anything startling to mention in its politics. The outstanding fact is that the international match has retired from active business. But no sooner did the final decision as to its abandonment issue from St. Andrews than a fresh agitation was started for its revival. Whether Mr. Hilton, the leader of this crusade, will be successful remains to be seen. If the match ever is revived, let us hope that it will be made a special fixture quite apart from the Amateur Championship, and that its scope may be extended so as to embrace other countries besides England and Scotland. A fresh revision of the rules was made, but the most revolutionary proposal of that revision, the alteration of the lost ball rule, was not persisted in, and the *status quo* was happily maintained. Very little was heard of the standard ball agitation after Westward Ho! and I very much doubt whether it will ever trouble us again. If that be so, so much the better for the peace and best interests of the game.

ERNEST LEHMANN

RACING: Craganour's Future. By CARBINE

A Question of Size—

Some highly interesting particulars recently published as to the size of Craganour have made racing people wonder whether that splendid colt will be big enough for the task of winning the Derby. We all know what a genuine smasher he was as a two-year-old. Those trainers who imagined they had something likely to hold him in the Middle Park Plate were fairly staggered by the supreme ease with which he disposed of the opposition. If we had to look for the Derby winner solely on that form there would be no getting away from Craganour. But experience has shown us that it is not always safe to rely upon what horses accomplished in their first season on the racecourse, and it will be a point of extreme interest to ascertain whether Craganour as a three-year-old will be able to beat Louvois, Rockfint, Shogun, and the rest as comfortably as he did last year. The fact that he has not grown very much, and is not likely to measure more than 15 hands 2 in. next summer, will undoubtedly be disappointing to his owner.

—And of Stamina

But, at any rate, his trainer does not think that Craganour will be beaten because he is an inch or two smaller than his opponents. What Robinson does fear at the present moment is that the colt will be unable to stay the mile and a half at Epsom, though he comforts himself with the thought that Craganour is exactly cut out for this Derby course. He is a trim little horse, who should get very nippily round the turns at Epsom. It may be interesting for my readers to know that there are two Derby outsiders who, in the opinion of the clever Foxhill trainer, are likely to improve considerably upon their two-year-old form, and, perhaps, constitute some danger to his own champion in the Derby. One of them is Mr. Hall Walker's Great Sport, a fine, strapping colt, trained close to Robinson's own gallops on the Wiltshire downs. The Foxhill trainer thinks that Great Sport has the makings of a high-class three-year-old, and I am in thorough agreement with him. I made a special note of the colt when I saw him win at Doncaster in the autumn, and I recommend him as being one worth following in the coming season. The other colt mentioned by Robinson is Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Day Comet, who failed to run up to expectations in the latter part of his two-year-old career, but will probably make a first-rate stayer.

Selections

There will be some interesting racing during the present week. At Manchester on Wednesday the Sportsmen's Welter Flat Race should be won by **Rathlea**, and the January Steeplechase, on the same afternoon, may go to **Blowpipe**. On the following day **Agnes M** is my selection for the Paddock Steeplechase, and **Comet Bey** may win the Club Hurdle Race. At Haydock Park on Friday **Bronzewing III.** has a chance for the Warrington Hurdle Race, and on the second day of the meeting **Legalite** may win the January Steeplechase.

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The Why and Wherefore of Games

ARE THEY A LUXURY OR A NECESSITY?

IN a certain smoking-room, the whereabouts of which need not for the purposes of this screed be given away, the conversation had turned upon games. This was not surprising, for most of us were addicted to games of one kind or another. Presently someone inquired quite suddenly, "Why is it that we play games at all?" To which the dialectician of the party countered with, "That depends upon what you mean by 'games.'" It transpired that the first speaker meant—he had taken it for granted—those games which involve hard physical exercise. They were vastly superior to the other kind, he argued, and nobody seemed inclined to dispute this, so that after the dialectician had pointed out that this "narrowed the scope of the inquiry down to reasonable dimensions," the discussion began.

Photograph *Sport and General*

C. N. LOWE

A journalist who hazarded the opinion that people played games in order to provide the newspapers with "copy" and a hard-working and intelligent band of writers with a livelihood was laughed at indulgently, and then the epigrammatist opened fire. "People who play games," he began, "can be divided into two classes; some play games because they see something meritorious in doing things which are painful——"

"Which is the reason," interrupted another man approvingly, "why so many of us take cold baths in the morning."

"Others," continued the epigrammatist, "play games for the sake of enjoying the feeling of pure sensuousness which supervenes upon the taking of vigorous exercise."

There was evidently something in this proposition, for it set us all thinking and most of us talking. The conversation became general, and several interesting experiences, not to say revelations—the atmosphere of the smoking-room invites confidences—were recounted in support of the epigrammatist's theory. I personally did not join in the discussion. It was unlikely after the way in which one journalist had started that the remarks of another would be taken seriously. And I saw that here was a subject which was worth discussing more or less seriously.

Photograph *Topical*

V. H. M. COATES

ENGLAND'S RUGBY INTERNATIONAL WINGS

Two new wing three-quarters have been chosen to represent England against the South Africans next Saturday. Coates is a past, and Lowe a present, representative of Cambridge University. Lowe gains the distinction of being chosen in spite of the fact that he was unable to take part in any of the trials. He will be the lightest man on either side. Coates gets in on the strength of a fine display in the last trial

But on the way home I "thought of many things." I began to wonder whether the real reason why we play games is not to be found in the fact that with all our civilisation we still retain, and shall always retain, many of the manners and customs of primitive man, so that it comes quite natural to us to want to "go for" somebody or other and get the better of him. In other words, it seemed to me that our propensity for playing games is traceable to the animal instinct within us which prompts us, if only in the interests of self-preservation, to learn how to fight. For a game is nothing else but a fight, and until we can feel quite sure that there is no more fighting to be done in this world it is just as well for us to keep our hands in. In fact, it would seem to be almost imperative, so much so that perhaps the original proposition ought to have been "What is wrong with the people who *don't* play games?" Do you recall that famous couplet about the flannelled fools and the muddied oafs? It did not altogether add to the popularity of a great poet, did it?

It is a significant fact, too, that the Continental nations are playing games more and more every year. There was a time when the Continental notion about games was that they were sheer waste of time and energy. What then can be the meaning of the new movement? Are our friends on the other side of the Channel becoming more idle and luxurious, or have they come to regard games as essential to the maintenance of national efficiency? In short, are games a luxury or a necessity? H. S. S.

"Taking your pipe and a book to your bath? Are you mad, old chap?"

"No fear! But you see I'm dead tired, and I'm going to take a bath with some mustard in it. And *that*, old man, is too great a delight to cut short. I always lie in the tub until the water cools off. Hence the pipe and book.

"Luxurious? Yes. Enervating? Not a *bit* of it! The action of the mustard on the entire system is simply marvellous. I don't know *why* it is—but I *do* know that after a tiring day, whether at business or sport, the only tonic I need is a bath with mustard in it."

Many people "don't know *why* it is"; but doctors and scientists *do* know. Upon the skin, nerves, and vital organs of the body, the action of mustard when combined with water is an extraordinary one.

Just you try a *mustard*-bath for the pleasure the softening of the water will give you—for the benefit it brings your skin! Never mind about the *health* side—that will *soon* prove itself to you.

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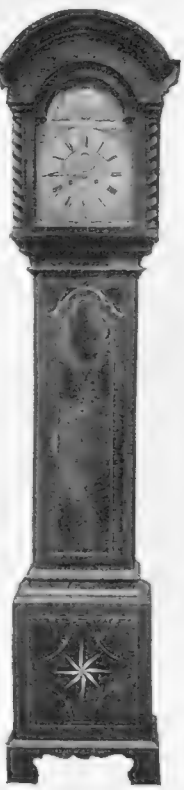

Owing to re-arrangement of Departments, a large stock of slightly shop-soiled Goods, as well as *Furniture returned from hire* (including Bedroom Suites and other Furniture), Carpets, Hangings, Pianos, etc., will be offered at Bargain Prices

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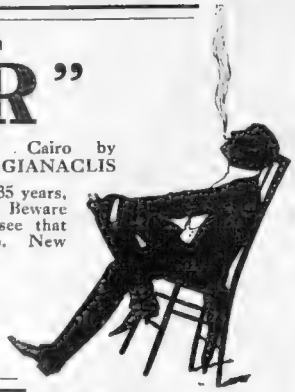

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Motoring BY LAND SEA, and SKY

Photograph] GOING CHEAP! [*Excelsior*

A miscellaneous collection of second-hand automobiles, aeroplanes, etc., on the Champ de Mars, Paris, awaiting purchasers. This somewhat informal motor fair is almost as popular as the annual automobile exhibition held at the Grand Palais. Cars and accessories are disposed of at a ridiculously low rate, and doubtless some good bargains are to be made—and bad ones

A Matter for Reflection

Here is rather a pretty matter for reflection and a few notes of interrogation. The Dewar Trophy will not be awarded this year. The Technical Committee of the R.A.C. has met, examined the certificates issued during the twelve months ending October 15 with a view to deciding the most meritorious performance under the Certified Trials Regulations, and has decided to make no award for 1912 at all.

Notes of Interrogation

A very quaint decision. Does it mean that the degree of merit was so low that the trophy could not decently be awarded? Does it mean that the popularity of the competition has fallen off? Does it mean that trade enterprise is at the ebb, or that confidence in the R.A.C. and all its works and judgments is less strong? In any case, does it mean that all the performances of the year were equally bad or equally good; or does it merely mean that the R.A.C. Technical Committee cannot judge between them?

A Suggested Bungle

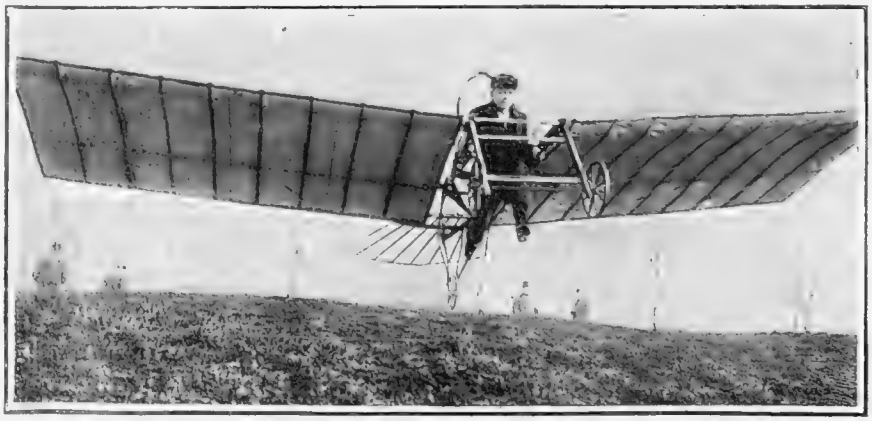
I have not turned up the certificate record for the year, but one achievement under Dewar Trophy conditions is in my mind at the moment. I do not presume to say that the Cadillac self-starting test was the event of the year in this category, but I do say very emphatically that it was a most remarkable performance. My recollection is that it took place well within the Dewar Trophy year. I believe I am right in saying that some procrastination, some delay between departments, certainly a delay for which the R.A.C. was responsible and not the entrant, resulted in the issue of the certificate well after the close of the trophy year.

Two Wrongs

Did the Technical Committee of the R.A.C. hesitate to award the Dewar Trophy because it knew of this delay and felt that a serious injustice would be done if its judgment excluded the Cadillac performance? If so, the decision is more creditable to its heart than its head. It is a hoary, but a faithful saying, that two wrongs do not make a right. If the Cadillac was excluded because of a delay at the R.A.C., that is one wrong to one competitor. If that consideration influenced the Committee not to make an award at all, that is another wrong to all the other competitors.

Waning Powers

However, rule out both these factors and then I submit with becoming respect that the R.A.C. might properly and profitably explain its reasons for not making the Dewar award. This is rather an important matter, both for the private motorist and the trade. The value of the competition to the latter is necessarily measured by the interest it has for the former. That interest can only be aroused and maintained by the intimacy and confidence existing between the R.A.C. and its private motorist constituents. The fact that vast numbers of private motorists know nothing of the R.A.C. work and care less is neither complimentary to R.A.C. methods nor a strengthening of its powers as a motoring government.



A MOTORLESS AEROPLANE

A German engineer, Herr Richter, of Berlin, has invented a contrivance which he claims will fly a distance without the aid of wind or machinery. In appearance the invention is an elaboration of the famous "gliders" invented by the Wright Brothers. Our photograph shows Herr Richter making an ascent

Wanted: The Breath of Life

I think we would all prefer those powers maintained and increased. I think they might very easily be increased. Instead, through lack of appreciation of the requirements of the case, by apathy on the one hand and a fatal facility for doing the wrong thing on the other, the R.A.C. seems to be drifting toward a position of political impotence. When so strong a supporter as Lord Montagu has to enter a public protest against the supineness of the R.A.C. there must be need for a radical change of policy in Pall Mall. The dry bones want stirring. I fear it will take a very strong breath of life to do it.

LUXURY ON WHEELS

A 22 h.-p. N.B. Self-Starting S.C.A.T. Car, with Pullman Limousine body by Messrs. Newton and Bennett, Ltd., which was exhibited by them at the Olympia Show, and subsequently purchased by Mr. E. S. Prather, of New York

A New Year Wish

The best resolution for the New Year is not to make any. 1912 is over and done. If it has taught us any lesson that equips us with larger courage to face 1913 and a larger hope of the products of the year, so much the better. Whether the courage proves unequal, whether the hopes are realised, does not matter in the present. Yesterday is dead, to-morrow is unborn; but to-day we live. "Why fret about them if to-day be sweet?" Therefore I wish you a sweet to-day, repeated every day as it comes, a freedom from all carking and illiberal cares, a power to wring the last drop of delight out of every moment as it flies. I wish you the peace of faith, the comfort of hope, and the happiness of charity. And as the car to-day is a means to health and convenience and a full life, I wish you the car of your heart's desire.

In Compression

Two more catalogues, both very beautifully produced, very attractive to handle, very comfortable to read, and very complete, yet very precise in their particulars. The first is of the Metallurgique, and contains in addition two fine examples of the colour work of Cuneo. The second is of the Lancia, and contains an excellent reproduction of a picture by Count Biscaretti. I acknowledge these gratefully, together with the calendar and notebook, kindly sent along by the Austin Company. Best thanks. By the way, the Metallurgique is now guaranteed for three years, the very best evidence of the firm's faith in the quality of the components of the car as well as the manner of their assembly.

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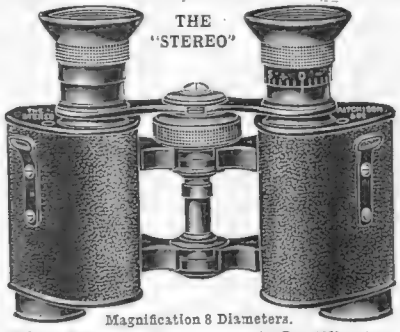

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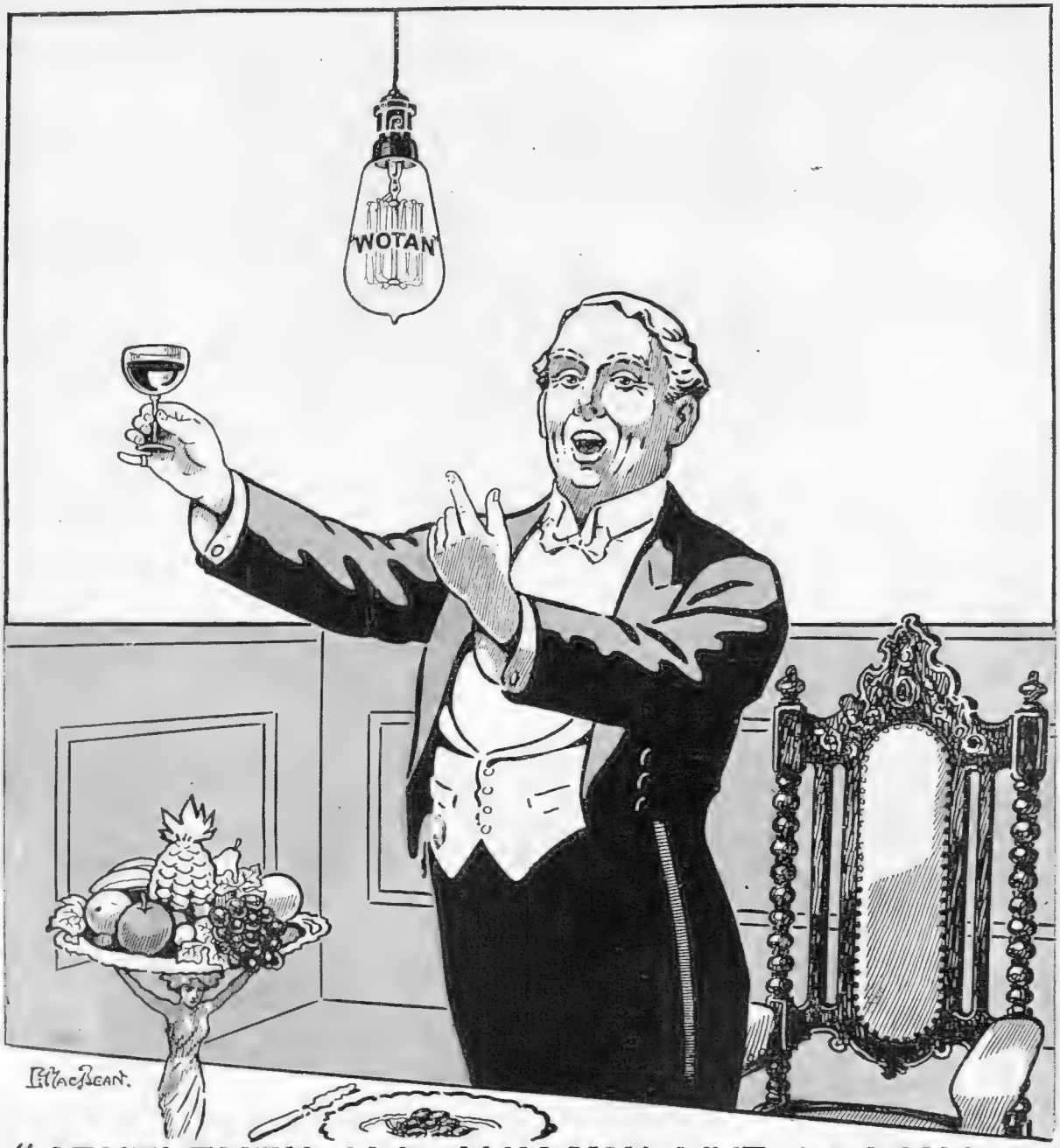

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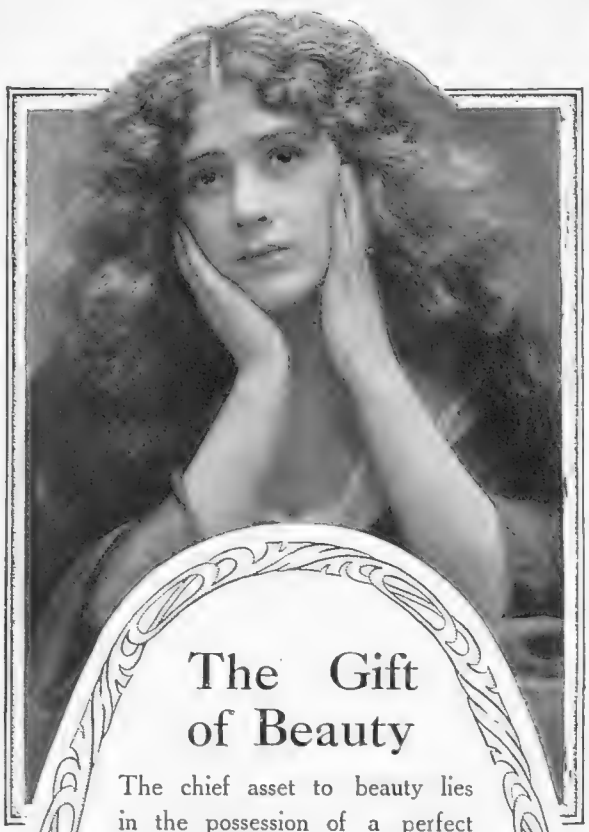

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With 16 acres of beautiful old-world grounds. 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms.

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11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, excellent reception room;

FINE OLD OAK XVTH-CENTURY DOORS.

Electric light; stabling, motor-house, small farmery. PRICE, ONLY £6,500.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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HANTS, NEW FOREST.—To be SOLD, or LET, the above delightful COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in the Tudor style, high above the sea, on gravel soil,

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS,

approached by a long carriage drive, and surrounded on all sides by beautiful forest glades: 3 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall; electric light and every convenience; motor garage and 2 rooms over; stabling.

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REALLY THE MOST BEAUTIULLY FURNISHED PROPERTY WE HAVE EVER SEEN!

14 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, billiard room, fine suite reception rooms, old baronial hall (40ft. high, 30ft. long). CENTRAL HEATING AND STOVES. House furnished in old French and English styles.

THOUSANDS OF POUNDS SPENT ON THE PROPERTY.

Heated garage for 3 cars; 2 telephones; 8 w.c.'s; electric light; all teak floors, doors, panelling, etc., decorated ceilings.—Personally inspected and STRONGLY recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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IN THE PRETTY COUNTRY BETWEEN FARNHAM AND HASLEMERE.

THIS QUAINT MANY-GABLED HOUSE contains: 7 bedrooms, 3 reception, bath, servants' hall; stabling for 5; good yard, useful buildings, 2 cottages; nicely timbered gardens and grounds of 3½ ACRES. HUNTING, FISHING, AND GOLF.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (14,677)

GLORIOUS DEVONSHIRE COAST. WITH LOVELY PANORAMIC VIEWS OF LAND AND SEA.

NEAR TORQUAY. IDEAL CLIMATE.

Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, bathroom, 10 bed and dressing rooms. Excellent golf links near. Rough shooting if desired.

LOW RENT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for the Winter months or a term of years, the above charming RESIDENCE, occupying a sheltered position on high ground in the midst of beautiful surroundings. The attractive pleasure grounds include full-sized tennis lawn, walled kitchen and flower gardens, etc.; stabling for 3 or 4 horses.—Inspected and recommended by EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (Folio 198 F)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE HAMBLEDON HUNT.

Suite of reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; electric light and telephone, radiators, and Co.'s water; stabling and garage; golf links adjoining. Well furnished in the antique style. Beautiful Jacobean panelling.

HANTS (10 miles from Winchester).—To be LET, Furnished, for 6 or 9 months, the above-depicted, very attractive RESIDENCE (Lutyens built), occupying a charming open situation on high ground, with extensive views, beautiful and well-timbered grounds, including pleasaunce; large prolific garden, orchard, etc.—All particulars from the Owner's Agents, Messrs. EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, who strongly recommend the Property from personal knowledge. (Folio 144 F)

½ AN HOUR FROM TOWN. NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

BUCKS (3 miles from a main line station).—To be SOLD, a delightful old HOUSE, in faultless order throughout, and standing in finely timbered grounds of about 5 acres. The accommodation comprises: pretty old-fashioned lounge hall, 3 reception rooms and second lounge or billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas throughout; excellent stabling and garage, coachman's quarters, etc.; the pleasure grounds are ornamented by beautiful specimen trees and shrubs, and include 2 excellent tennis courts, croquet lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc.—Box K 5,199, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES. WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

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COMMANDING GRAND VIEWS.

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Capital stabling, cottage, lodge, farmery; Company's water, gas, telephone; perfect order throughout. Price, £6,000, or offer. Inspected and strongly recommended.—Box M 28, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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A BARGAIN PRICE will be accepted for the above BEAUTIFUL OLD RED BRICK HOUSE AND CHARMING GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

Grand galleried hall, 30 by 20, with massive oak beams and rafters exposed to view; 3 reception and billiard rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3.—Box WG 10, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TIMES' PRICE BARGAIN.

PICTURESQUE NORTH DEVON.—High up, with views to Dartmoor, Exmoor, and Cornish Hills.

HUNTING, SHOOTING, FISHING, GOLF.

PICTURESQUE COUNTRY HOME: lounge hall, 3 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; farmery, pretty pleasure grounds, and pasture-land, in all about 46 ACRES. Hot and cold water, gas, modern drainage. BARGAIN, £2,400.—Box M 29, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

COMMANDING FINEST VIEWS IN SUSSEX.

BETWEEN ROTHERFIELD AND TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE: 4 handsome reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; stabling for 3; carriage drive 80 yds.; entrance lodge; lovely old well-timbered pleasure grounds and pasture-lands over

10 ACRES.

Golf and hunting. Excellent water supply.

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FISHING, HUNTING, GOLF.

WORCESTERSHIRE (close to an historical old town, 'midst beautiful country).—Picturesque, substantially built RESIDENCE: 13 bed, bath, billiard, 3 handsome reception rooms, and lounge hall. LOVELY GROUNDS and pasture-land 13 ACRES.

Stabling for 4, cottage; sandstone soil; excellent water supply, gas, heating.

PRICE, ONLY £2,900.

—Photos, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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THE BARGAIN OF THE YEAR.

BUCKS (in a beautiful rural situation, 1 hour from Town). — The interesting OLD-FASHIONED AND IMPOSING RESIDENCE stands in the centre of its own

HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK OF 70 ACRES,

bounded by a river affording excellent fishing, and contains: lounge halls, 4 handsome reception, bath, 13 bedrooms.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS ARE OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY.

There is capital stabling, 2 cottages, farmery.

HIGH UP, GRAVEL SOIL, MAIN WATER.
HUNTING 5 DAYS A WEEK.

BARGAIN, £8,000 (reduced from £13,000).

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¾ MILE TROUT FISHING (BOTH BANKS) IN A TRIBUTARY OF THE TEST.

HANTS (near Andover). — PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE: 3 reception, noble billiard saloon, 8 bedrooms, bath room.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE.
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GOLF, SHOOTING, HUNTING.

Long drive, entrance lodge; stabling, garage; beautiful pleasure grounds and parklands of 21 ACRES, bounded and intersected by a river ABUNDANTLY STOCKED WITH TROUT.

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IN THE CREAM of the HUNTING.

Cottesmore, Quorn, Pytchley, and Mr. Fernie's.

AN IMPOSING AND SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard, 11 bedrooms; old-world pleasure grounds; extensive stabling; home farm, and 109 ACRES of rich well-timbered grassland.

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NEAR BRENTWOOD (40 minutes from Town).—Charming old COUNTRY RESIDENCE: large hall, 4 handsome reception, bath, 11 bedrooms; perfect repair throughout; long carriage drive; entrance lodge; 2 cottages; stabling for 7.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS, NEARLY 40 ACRES.

Golf and hunting near; high and healthy situation; South aspect.

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ONE HOUR FROM TOWN (near Guildford).—CHARMING COUNTRY MANSION, well situated, commanding grand views: 15 bed and dressing, suite of 5 handsome reception rooms, large hall; standing in beautiful grounds and well timbered parklands, nearly 30 ACRES.

MORE LAND UP TO 100 ACRES CAN BE BOUGHT.

Stabling for 4, motor garage, cottage; entrance lodge; Company's water; perfect drainage. Price £9,500, or would be Sold with less land.—Full particulars and series of photos of the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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Company's water; acetylene gas; shooting, hunting, golf. Price, £2,500.—Photos, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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The Winter Work of the "Daily Graphic" Free Meal and Relief Fund Commenced on November 4.

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The 'Loco' Air-Gas System

Invented and Patented by Mr. FRED C. LYNDE, Mem.R.S.Inst.C.E.
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REAL HAMBURG GROUND
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Black Handle	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop	7/6
Ivory Handle	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste	6d
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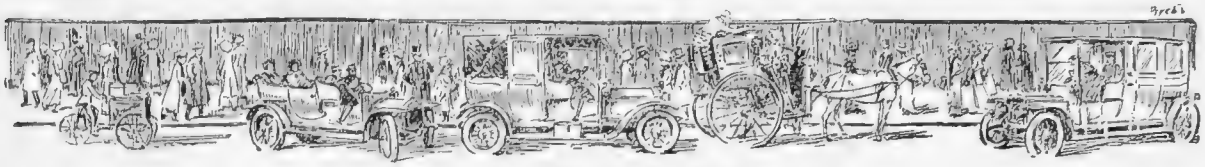

By MRS. JACK MAY

A VERY deluge of sales will have descended upon us ere this issue appears. Those of us on the spot will certainly be caught up in the vortex. But among the establishments that will not open their doors until January 6 is Paquin, Dover Street.

Those who propose to participate in this always remarkable clearance should not stand upon the order of their going, but go quickly on Monday. For while admitting that all is superlatively good at Paquin's, a specific need is much more likely to be satisfied early in the proceedings.

Bargains in Tailor-Mades

There are some tailor-mades, for example, that will melt as snow before the sun at the amazing reductions placed upon them. These include blue serge silk suits and some singularly *chic* tailored all-in-one gowns of cloth, just the very thing to wear at the moment under heavy fur coats, and later would comport themselves equally well without these wraps. A very early bird, too, may perchance pick up a costume comprising a skirt of white cloth, accompanied by a coat of black and copper brocade. Then, of course, too, there are the evening gowns, alluring confections, all different and each one, in its own particular way, a gem. The prices at which these will be going do not, in many instances, nearly cover the cost of the materials.

A Paquin creation at a popular price is truly irresistible. Paquin's policy with regard to furs is to clear out all existing models at sacrificial prices, the surplus this year including a glorious mink wrap, half-mantle, half-coat, a beautiful set of white skunk, and one or two startling bargains in sable.

The millinery alone demands a visit, a quantity of this being practically given away. Such fascinations are thrown into the *galère* as a small seal musquash hat trimmed at the one side with a white ostrich feather-mount, ending in a little white tuft. And a black silk picture beaver hat wreathed with delicate marabout caught one side the front with a pale grey and gold hand-made rose. The exquisite and luxurious *lingerie* always to be found at Dover Street shares in the general depreciation.

Photograph *Talbot*

A SMART VELVET TAILORED COSTUME

Showing the new swallow-tail-back coat and the elegant effect of fur trimming—the latter an innovation that can do no wrong

A Linen Sale

If there is one thing a woman possessed of a house revels in it is the replenishing of her linen cupboard from the reliable stores of Messrs. Walpole Bros., 89-90, New Bond Street. At the sale commencing here on December 30 all goods are marked at the lowest possible prices. Since their recent erection of factories at Belfast and Waringstown, necessitated by the progress of their business, Messrs. Walpole are now placed in a better position than ever to meet the consistently increasing demand for their famed bed and table linen.

At the sale which started here on Monday, December 30, substantial reductions are placed on table damask. There is a very bewilderment of choice in the still favoured striped dinner cloths, napkins in every case being arranged to correspond. An example with a new *piqué* stripe Adams border is one of the gems, and ranges in size and price respectively from 2yds. by 2yds. at 8*s.* 9*d.* to 2½yds. by

4yds. at 21*s.* 3*d.* A great feature is made by Walpole of double damask cloths for round and oval tables. A quantity of pure Irish linen sheets, finished with spoke-hemstitching, are being cleared out at tempting reductions. Spoke-hemstitched linen pillow-cases range in price, according to size, from 2*s.* 6½*d.* to 6*s.* 8*d.*, while 1,000 dozen made-up from linen remnants in two sizes, 20 by 30 and 22 by 32, commence as low as 1*s.* 0½*d.* each.

Luxuries such as lace and linen top sheets are also greatly reduced, some remarkable values occurring in blankets, Walpole Bros. having purchased the whole of their stock of Yorkshire and Witney stock previous to the rise in wool. A mention, too, must be made of the ladies' outfitting, where cosy teagowns for cold weather are all marked at sale prices, together with inexpensive teagowns. Among the latter there is included the daintiest rest-gown of silk broche *crêpe*, interlined and lined throughout with silk and trimmed white swans-down, in cream, blue, and pink only, the sale price of which is 53*s.* 9*d.*

Photograph *Talbot*

THE NEW DIMINUTIVE HAT

That gains so much distinction by the original poise of the aigrette, which invariably forms the sole adornment

Antique Furniture

Running concurrently with other sections of this premier Kensington emporium is a sale of antique furniture, etc. It is a rule of the house that this stock shall be turned over twice a year, and the bargains obtainable are not to be rivalled anywhere.

The power in authority has been fortunate in gathering together a collection of old English lacquer of rare and attractive quality, the pieces including bureaux, commodes, grandfather clocks, etc. Real old four-post bedsteads provide a further feature of interest, the posts chiefly Chippendale, one particularly fine old specimen displaying a cornice of egg and tongue carving and the original claw feet. This is a very real bargain at £18 10*s.* A remarkably large choice is provided in old mahogany and Queen Anne bedroom furniture, and the firm are also especially well equipped with old Welsh and Shropshire dressers, for which there is an ever-increasing demand.

One of the most amazing bargains, though, is a full-length Chippendale, serpentine-fronted settee, upholstered in old green rep, and in perfect condition, which is to go during the clearance for £11 10*s.*

Antique china and glass are likewise included, an F.B.B. Worcester dessert service, comprising some thirty-four pieces, every one of which is stamped, is only £6; and a complete old Coalbrook dinner service of seventy-two pieces can be had for £19 10*s.* Both these represent offers it is highly improbable will ever come into the market again. But as the clearance lasts throughout the month, and every single article is reduced, a visit any time during the period will be well repaid.

The London Corset Company, 11, Hanover Street, W.

A clearance of interesting import commences at the above address on the 6th and closes down on the 16th of January. Now, first and foremost, this well-known firm are expert *corsetières*, and their well-earned fame in this regard has spread to the four corners of the globe. During the sale they only offer their usual standard qualities, but at prices that place these coveta ble possessions within themeans of those who probably at other times have to exercise self-denial. Of course, this must be taken in a relative sense, as, for example, those beautiful *crêpe de Chine* corsets, prohibitive to all who have only a moderate allowance, become quite possible possessions during the sale at 5½ gns.

In connection with a range of the prettiest little *voile* gowns, ready to be stepped into, no reasonable offer will be refused. These are simple dresses, not too marked in style, and yet dainty in the supreme, and could quite well be laid aside for next summer. Then, too, there are some amazing offers in *lingerie* blouses, hand-embroidered, starting at 15*s.* 11*d.*, models of exceedingly exclusive order and trimmed real lace rising to 8 gns. A surplus stock of rest-gowns are likewise worthy of attention; while to be specially noted is the fact that no garment purchased during the sale will be allowed to leave the premises until it is properly fitted.

Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

Only two days before this issue is dated one of the renowned linen sales will be opened at Wigmore Street. At this time of day it is needless to reiterate the value obtainable here at these annual dispersals of such perishable stocks as linens and damasks. Then, on the following Monday, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody swim into the general sale *galère*. Renowned everywhere for their immense selection and the unrivalled quality of their golf coats, many ears will tingle to learn that a stock of some six thousand golf coats, hand-knitted of British yarn, and in several different

DR. PIERRE'S THE CONNOISSEURS DENTIFRICE

WHITENS & PRESERVES THE TEETH
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THE DAILY GRAPHIC.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

The STOCKTAKING
SALE
commences January 6th
and continues for twelve days only.

10½ each
worth 42/- each

Debenham & Freebody's Sale commences on Monday next, Jan. 6th, and will continue for Twelve Days only. In order to ensure a complete clearance of all season's goods the Reductions are on a particularly drastic scale.

A TYPICAL BARGAIN

6,000
REAL HAND-KNITTED
SPORTS COATS

beautifully made from high-grade British woollen yarns, perfect shapes and quite fresh and fashionable, in several new designs. Original Price from 25/- to 42/-

Sale Price, **10/6**

Quantity.	Shade.	Quantity.	Shade.
604	White	355	Royal
550	Navy	320	Tabac
180	Black	510	Saxe
370	Grey	160	Rose
255	Emerald	370	Reseda
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Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Another Doctor says: "Apart from the wonderful improvement in her figure, my patient breathes and walks so much better after your treatment." Lady writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—you ought to have London at your feet." Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth. She has never had a failure.

styles, are to be sold at half a guinea. Once before the firm offered a similar orgy of bargains, and the event is still to be recalled. A very complete turn-out of ladies' and children's outfitting will provide another exciting feature. Beautiful little evening petticoats of *crêpe de Chine*, inlet fine Malines lace, suitable for wearing under the prevailing slit-up evening skirts, are genuine bargains at 39*s.* 6*d.*, some extravagantly arranged *culottes* going at 18*s.* 9*d.* Another offer to be carefully investigated is an elegant rest-gown or tea-frock of soft satin, with Marie Antoinette fichu of ninon, at 49*s.* 6*d.*, and some exquisitely turned-out Zenana dressing-gowns at 49*s.* 9*d.*

A particularly generous spirit reigns in the blouse department consequent on a record season, a *crêpe de Chine* shirt, one of the biggest successes of the season, with hemstitched chiffon frill, a copy of a costly Doucet model, carries the absurd sale price of 49*s.* 6*d.*, the favourite shades being pastel blue, pink, and champagne. The "Ideal" washing silk shirt, a simply perfectly cut model, with strapped armholes, another *grande succès*, will be available at 19*s.* 11*d.*

Photograph *Talbot*

A SEASONABLE COIFFURE

The outstanding feature of which is a frosted mistletoe wreath worn like a coif about the face. Our portrait is of Mlle. Colonna, of the Théâtre Français

Among the costumes the most striking reductions occur in some tailored models of velveteen and tweed originally costing anything up to £25, all of which are now to go at the one price of 98*s.* 6*d.* Of essentially bargain value, moreover, are a line of early spring tweed suits, only 78*s.* 6*d.*

A Sale of Furs

With their fur department, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, having enjoyed a record season, are equally encouraged to be generous with the surplus stock. Consequently they are prepared to part with their famed 25-gn. pony coat for 19½ gns. This wrap, it will doubtless be recalled, is completed by a musquash collar. A number of other models that have been fetching 60-75 gns. are to be lowered to 39 gns., and in some cases 29 gns. The salient point, however, to be borne in mind is, that this sale of furs contains no single article that is not of the firm's standard quality. In a word, it is absolutely the surplus of the season's stock that is being got rid of, with nothing added to or taken away.

The Menu: HOW TO UTILISE COLD GAME AND TURKEY

Partridge Soufflés
Savoury Game Patties
Hashed Turkey with Tomatoes
Game Salad
Roman Pie

Partridge Soufflés

Remove the meat from some cooked partridges (about 8oz.), take off the skin, and pound the meat in a mortar with about 4oz. of cooked rice and 1oz. of butter. When smooth mix with a gill of seasoned stock and rub all through a fine sieve. Stir in two yolks of eggs, and season with salt, pepper, and a little spice. Whisk stiffly the whites of two eggs and mix carefully with the above. Butter the insides of six or eight small timbale moulds and sprinkle with finely chopped truffles. Fill them up with the mixture, cover with buttered paper, and poach in the oven in the usual way for about twenty minutes. Carefully unmould the soufflés on to a hot entrée dish and pour over a nicely flavoured salmi sauce. Serve hot.

Savoury Game Patties

Free some cold game or turkey from skin and bone, chop and pound it until fine enough to rub through a wire sieve, flavour this with pepper, salt, lemon-juice, and grated nutmeg, moisten with some rich brown sauce and the yolks of one or two eggs, according to quantity. Line some patty pans with puff paste, fill them with the game mixture, cover them with a little white of egg flavoured with lemon-juice, smooth over with a knife, and bake to a bright golden colour; arrange on a dish, and garnish with fried parsley.

Hashed Turkey with Tomatoes

For about 1lb. of cold turkey take 1oz. of butter, 1oz. of flour, half a pint of stock or gravy, two tomatoes, and one small onion. Free the meat from bone, and cut it into neat slices. Peel, slice, and chop the onion, and fry lightly in the butter. Next add the flour, fry a little, and moisten with stock or gravy. Stir till it boils Now add the tomatoes, peeled and cut in small slices. Season with salt and pepper, and simmer for fifteen minutes. Put in the pieces of turkey, and cook slowly for another twenty minutes. This dish can be made in a casserole.

Game Salad

Cut up a cold roast partridge or any other bird into neat joints, remove the skin and most of the bones, put the prepared pieces of game into a dish or bowl, season with salt and pepper, pour over a sauce made of oil, vinegar, and herbs, some stoned olives, and a few capers, and put this dish in a cool place for about an hour. Wash and drain two French lettuces and some celery, and place it in alternate layers with the partridge in the shape of a pyramid; mask with stiff mayonnaise. Garnish with quarters of hard-boiled eggs, some French olives, capers, and serve.

Roman Pie

Cut some cold turkey in small pieces, or mince it if preferred. Take 2oz. of grated Parmesan cheese, a small shallot chopped very fine, pepper and salt to taste, and nearly half a pint of rich white sauce. Line a buttered tin with good paste, sprinkle with vermicelli, put in the turkey mixture, and bake one hour. Turn out and serve with good white or brown sauce. EMILIA

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THE "ASHCROFT" BOILER.

This Boiler is very Suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

Size	To Heat 4in Pipe	Tappings	Dia. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
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,, 2 12in. x 12in.	60ft.	1in.	4in	£2 2 6
,, 3 12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 11 0

GREENHOUSE	ft in. ft. in. ft in	GARAGE	ft. in. ft. in ft.in
No 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0 x 21 0 x 8 0	,, 3 ,,	28 0 x 28 0 x 10 0

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DURING JANUARY.

Linen Damask Tablecloths.

A quantity of odd cloths in designs that we have ceased making in our factory:—

Cloths, 2 x 2½ yds. - 8/6 and 9/9 each.
,, 2 x 3 yds. - 9/11 and 11/6 ,,
,, 2½ x 3 yds. - 13/9 and 15/6 ,,

Linen Sheets (Hemmed ready for use.)

Sheets, 2 x 3 yds., offered at 6/7 each.
,, 2½ x 3 yds., ,, 8/5 ,,
,, 2½ x 3½ yds., ,, 9/8 ,,
,, 3 x 3½ yds., ,, 12/9 ,,

Hemstitched Linen Sheets.

A number of odd lots:—

Sheets, 2 x 3 yds., offered at 7/6 each.
,, 2½ x 3½ yds., ,, 10/9 ,,
,, 3 x 3½ yds., ,, 15/- ,,

All Linen Towels.

Hemstitched Face and Bath Towels, slightly imperfect, offered at 7/6 and 10/6 dozen. Superfine quality, perfect goods, 13/9 and 19/6 dozen.

Linen Pillow Cases (Ready for use.)

Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 ins., 1/- and 1/3½ each.

Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases.

Undoubted bargains, 2/3½ and 2/6½ each.

Handkerchiefs.

(For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.)

The surplus stock, left from our Xmas trade, in hemstitched and embroidered linen and hand-worked initials, are offered at exceptionally low prices during the sale.

Illustrated Sale Catalogue post free.

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19/6	16/-	18/6	21/-	24/6	22/6
3½ by 4	3½ by 4½	3½ by 5	4 by 4	4 by 4½	4 by 5
25/-	28/6	33/6	29/6	32/-	35/6
4 by 6	4 by 7 yds.				
42/-	49/6 each.				

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The Editor's Box

"Hazell's Annual"

"A hundred blue books boiled down into one red one" is a description which has been fittingly applied to "Hazell's Annual." But the new number of this old and valued companion is much more than a mere digest of hard, if valuable, facts. Indispensable as it is to the writer or the politician, it appeals to a much wider public. The scientist, the small-holder, the sportsman, the artist, the photographer—even the idler with no special tastes, if such an individual there be—will find matter of interest in this encyclopædic guide-book to the times in which he lives.

Reprints

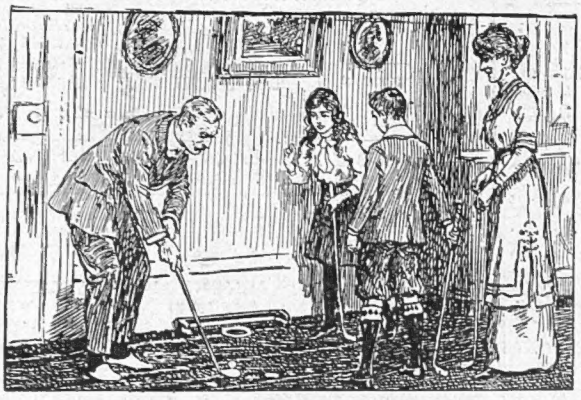
Messrs. A. L. Humphreys, of 187, Piccadilly, are publishing a most attractive series of reprints under the title of the "Watteau Series of Choice Little Books." Among the first sixteen volumes will be found "The House of Life," by D. G. Rossetti, "Love Poems by Byron," "Sonnets by Mrs. Browning," and "Maxims by Oscar Wilde." Each volume is tastefully bound and decorated with miniature reproductions of pictures and ornaments by Watteau and his contemporaries. The set would make the most acceptable New Year present conceivable. The price per volume is *2s. 6d.*

An Appropriate New Year's Gift

Billiards is the one game that never becomes monotonous, simply because every game opens up a new phase of its exposition. It is not necessary to have any special room, as tables of all sizes are made. Riley's billiard tables are made for the home on two principles—one to fit your own dining-table and the other a combined dining and billiard table. The Riley miniature is made in sizes from 4ft. 4in. at £3 7*s.* 6*d.* up to 8ft. 4in. at £10, the popular size being 6ft. 4in. at £5 5*s.*, and when not in use they can be easily lifted from the dining table and stored against the wall. By a patent device Riley's combined billiard and dining tables can be converted in a few seconds from dining to billiard tables and *vice versâ*. As dining tables there is no indication of their dual purpose, and what is of importance, there is plenty of room for the knees. Prices range from £13 10*s.* Riley tables are built in exact proportion to the full size, so that the same accurate game is obtained. A most interesting catalogue, fully illustrated, can be obtained post free by sending a postcard to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Brompton Mills, Accrington, and readers will do well to send for this at once.

To the Golfing Enthusiast

Golf indoors! It sounds impossible, but it is true, nevertheless. "Puttagoff" is the nearest possible approach to real golf, and a perfect game minus the long drive can be played in the drawing-room or on the lawn without fear of the slightest damage being done, and no holes are required. In the former case it can be played on the carpet without necessitating the removal of the furniture, and an enormous advantage to keen golfers is that it enables them to practise their putting in all weathers. "Puttagoff" is obtainable from all sports' dealers, or carriage paid direct, 10*s.* 6*d.*, from Dept. S, "Puttagoff" Manufacturing Company, 58F, Hatton Garden, E.C. A set will make a splendid New Year's gift.



"Puttagoff": The Indoor Game of Golf

Artistic Lighting

Lighting, like every other form of decoration, to be really effective must be artistic. The new style of lighting a dinner table, etc., with Clarke's "Cricklite" lamps, for double-wick wax lights or electric light, for instance, appeals to the eye as being particularly pleasing. These lamps are specially adapted for country houses, and are absolutely safe. The standards are made in richly cut glass, Royal Worcester China, silver-plate, nickel and ormolu, to carry from one to seven lamps, and the lights are inexpensive, and give a beautiful soft, bright light for about five hours. The silk lamp-shades for these lamps are made in many very attractive designs, and illustrated catalogues may be obtained from the Cricklite Lamp Depôt, 137, Regent Street, W.

Mr. W. Perkins Ball, K.C.

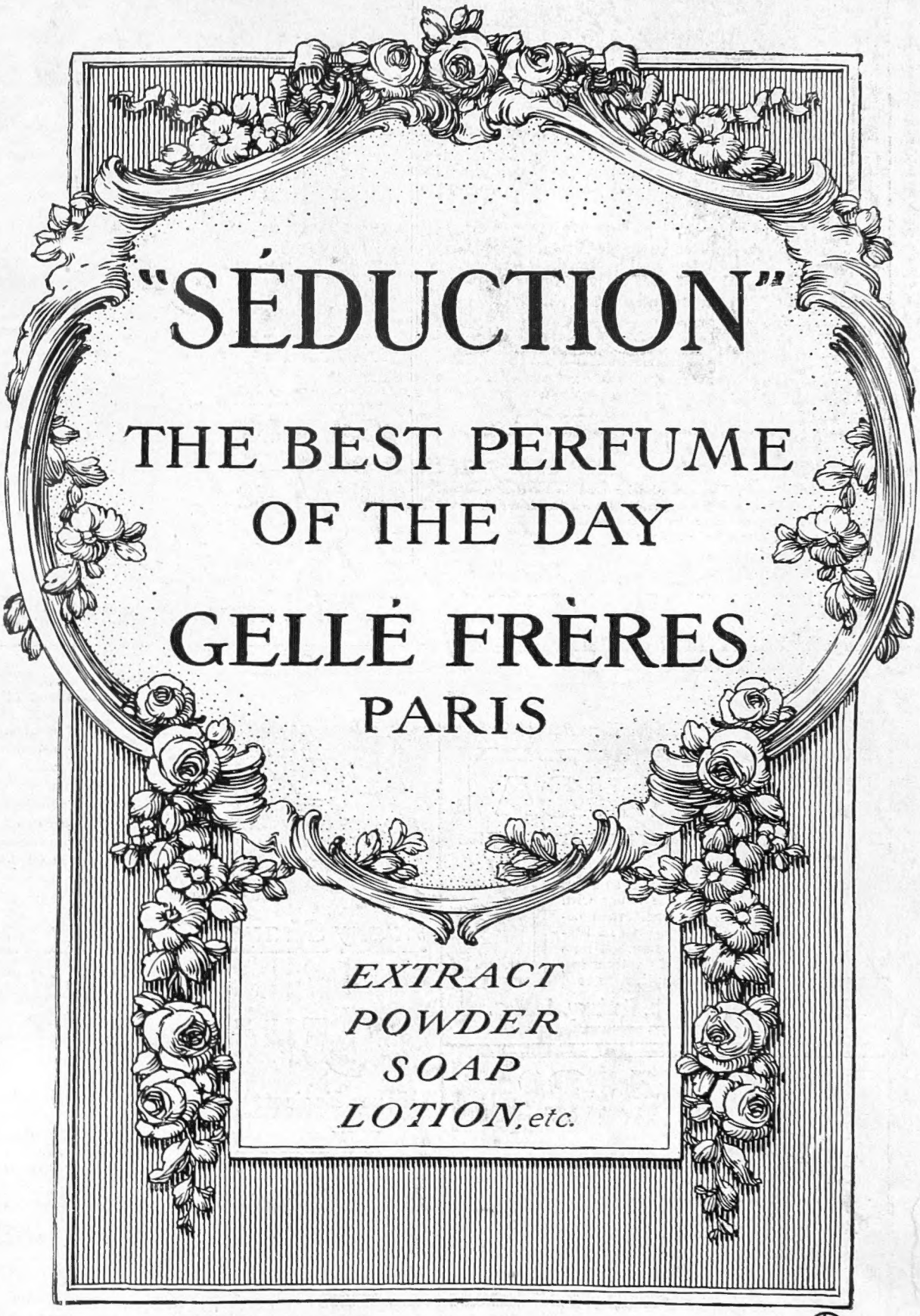
Mr. W. Perkins Ball, K.C., Chairman of the British Canadian Realty Corporation, was the guest of honour at a banquet of the master builders and leading citizens of Weston-super-Mare. The banqueting hall was crowded. Mr. W. Perkins Ball received an enthusiastic ovation, and delivered a masterful address on the Colonial Aspect of Imperialism.

The Thermos Flask Again

The above is a photograph of Mr. Arthur Warwick Sutton, J.P., F.L.S., on right, a member of the great seed firm of Reading, who recently made a most interesting journey from Suez to Mount Sinai, doing 200 miles by camel or on foot across the desert. Mr. Sutton carried a Thermos Flask with him during the whole of his journey, and he states that the photograph was taken at Petra, in Arabia, at 4 o'clock p.m., and that the tea was then too hot to drink, in spite of the fact that it was put in the Thermos at 7 o'clock in the morning; his friend is offering to cool it with his cap

Bacon

Bacon and breakfast seem almost inseparable terms, and few English families dispense with the meat of the pig. We have recently had an opportunity of sampling that supplied by E. Miles and Co., Bristol, whose model factory is situated at Bristol, a city surrounded by farmers who breed the very best English pigs. The animals are delivered alive at the Broadmead Bacon Factory, and the special processes through which the meat passes make Miles' bacon different from, as well as more delicate than, the ordinary unbranded varieties sold in the stores and shops. As Messrs. Miles guarantee satisfaction to their customers it is well to get supplies direct from their Bristol house, or to specify "Miles'" at one's hotel. A further advantage for the householder is that of *price*. Acting largely as their own distributors, Messrs. Miles' prices advertised in our columns are always in favour of the consumer.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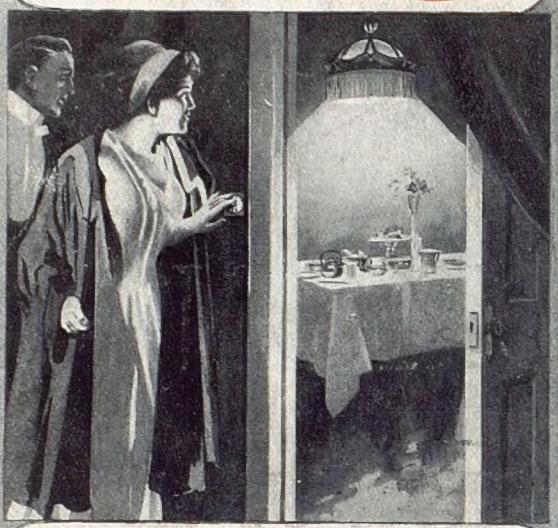

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It reduces the tedium of letter-writing, the surface is so even, the pen grips the paper with ease, and correspondence becomes a pleasure. Of all Stationers at 1/- a Box. **Free Samples** and interesting Booklet on application to

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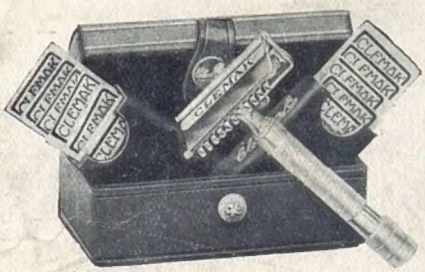
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